

KING LOUIS XVI OF FRANCE VISITING THE POOR.

(From the painting by Herculé. Auerbach Photo.)

GATEWAYS TO HISTORY

Book V. Britain as Part of Europe



THE MESS

EDWARD ARNOLD LTD

COMPAGNIES

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EDWARD ARNOLD

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PREFACE

THIS book is the fifth volume of GATEWAYS TO HISTORY, a Graduated Series of Historical Reading Books, of which the following is a complete list :

BOOK I.—*Heroes of the Homeland.* Price 10d. Simply-told stories of some of the great men and women of our island story, beginning with Bede and ending with Gordon. A companion to the first volume of the HOME AND ABROAD READERS, which is entitled *Glimpses of the Homeland*, and to the corresponding volume of STEPS TO LITERATURE, which is entitled *Tales of the Homeland*.

BOOK II.—*Heroes of Many Lands.* Price 1s. Simply-told stories of some of the most prominent men and women in the history of the most interesting countries of the world. Designed as a companion to the second volume of the HOME AND ABROAD READERS, which is entitled *Glimpses of the Globe*, and to the corresponding volume of STEPS TO LITERATURE, which is entitled *Tales of Many Lands*.

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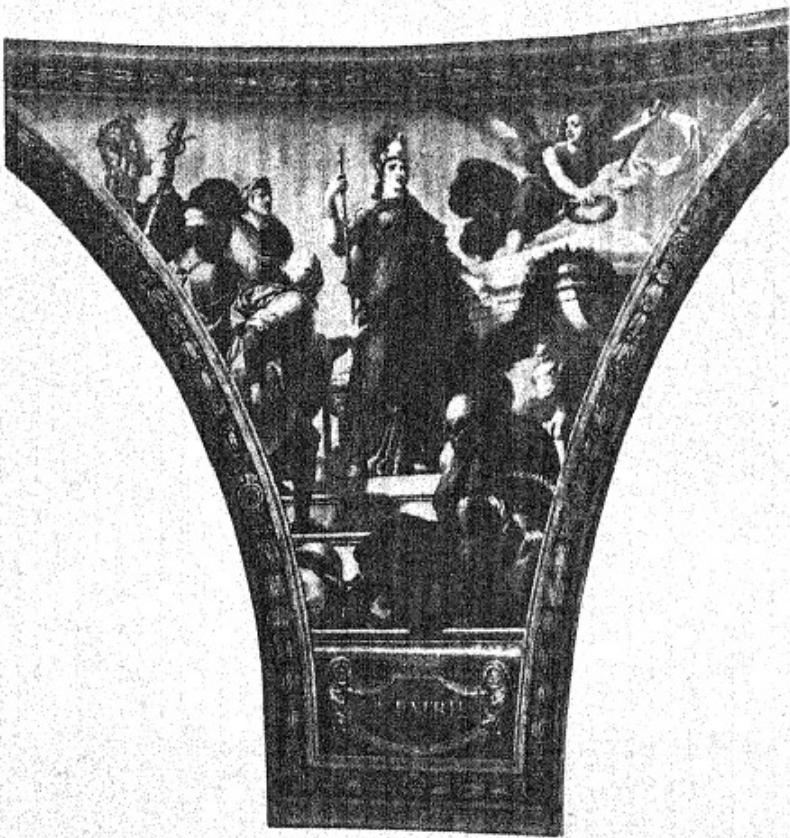
BOOK V.—*Britain as Part of Europe.* Price 1s. 6d. A simple account of the relations of our country with the Continent from the time of Ancient Rome to that of Modern Britain. A companion to the HOME AND ABROAD READER, V.—*The World's Great Powers*—and to STEPS TO LITERATURE, Book V.—*Literary Readings relating to Europe*.

BOOK VI.—*The Pageant of the Empires.* Price 1s. 6d. An introduction to world history from the time of Ancient Egypt to that of Modern Britain, simply and brightly written. A companion to the HOME AND ABROAD READER, VI.—*The World's Trade and Traders*—and to STEPS TO LITERATURE, Book VI.—*Glimpses of World Literature*.

This volume has been prepared to meet the requirements of many teachers who would like to introduce their pupils to the broader field of European history, but feel that such a course is impossible because they do not yet know the history of their own islands sufficiently well. The writer has here tried to tell in a simple manner the story of Britain, not as an isolated country, but as taking a more or less active share in each of the great movements of European history. Thus the pupil fixes the main facts of his native history at the same time that he is extending his horizon beyond our sea-girt islands.

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LA PATRIE.

(From the mural painting by Gérard in the Panthéon, Paris.)

GATEWAYS TO HISTORY.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

A GLANCE at the map will remind us that, though our country is cut off by the sea from the rest of Europe, it really belongs to that continent. Those who have studied the history of the crust of the earth tell us that at one time the British Isles formed part of the continental mainland. And to-day we can pass in less than an hour from the south-eastern corner of England to the northern coast of France.

“England,” writes a famous American, “is anchored at the side of Europe, and right in the heart of the modern world. The sea which, according to Virgil’s famous line, divided the poor Britons utterly from the world proved to be the ring of marriage with all nations. . . . So near is England to Europe that it can see the harvests of the Continent, and so far that he who would cross the strait must be an expert mariner, ready for tempests.”

Now, in most of our history lessons we are a little apt

to fix our attention solely upon our own country. We forget that the history of Great Britain and Ireland is really part of the fuller and more varied history of the continent of Europe. Of course, it is right that our chief thoughts should be for our own country, but we shall understand her national story much better if we try to find out what part she played in the making of Europe, the leading continent in the world.

It is a long story which we shall have to read, and it deals with many great men and great movements. And we cannot hope to form any clear ideas on the subject unless we keep the map of Europe always before us. We must note and remember the position of the chief physical features—the seas, mountains, lakes, and rivers—for, as we shall see, they have a great deal to do with the history of Europe; and we must also remember distinctly the position of the leading countries as they are in our own time, for we shall need them for purposes of reference.

When we have considered and learnt these things, we must remind ourselves that two thousand years ago Europe was not divided as it is to-day. As a matter of fact, many of the present frontiers were only settled quite late in the history of the continent. And two thousand years ago the people of the continent were not divided into English, French, Spaniards, Italians, Russians, and so on. Each of these modern nations has its own history, and is made up of people of many different races. Our business is to find out how the Europe which we know was divided among the European nations of the present day.

We shall go back, then, to a very early time, and try to get some definite ideas of the history of our own country as part of Europe during the past two thousand years.

CHAPTER II.—TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

IN the first period of our history the chief people in Europe were the Romans, who took their name from the city of Rome, in the land of Italy. So powerful were they that they ruled all the lands round the Mediterranean Sea, as well as the greater part of Spain, then known as Hispania, the whole of France, then called Gaul, and the southern part of our own island. But the great Roman Empire took in only a small part of Germany, from the north of which were afterwards to come the tribes who peopled England and the southern part of Scotland.

The conquest of the south of the island of Britain was undertaken about fifty years before the birth of Christ by the great Roman general Julius Cæsar. With the brave Roman soldiers he had overrun the whole of Gaul, and then he turned his attention to the island of Britannia, of which at that time very little was known.

A Roman writer who lived a little later than Julius Cæsar gives us an interesting account of our island and its people in those early days.

“ Britain,” he writes, “ has been compared in shape to a large shield or battle-axe. The Roman fleet sailed

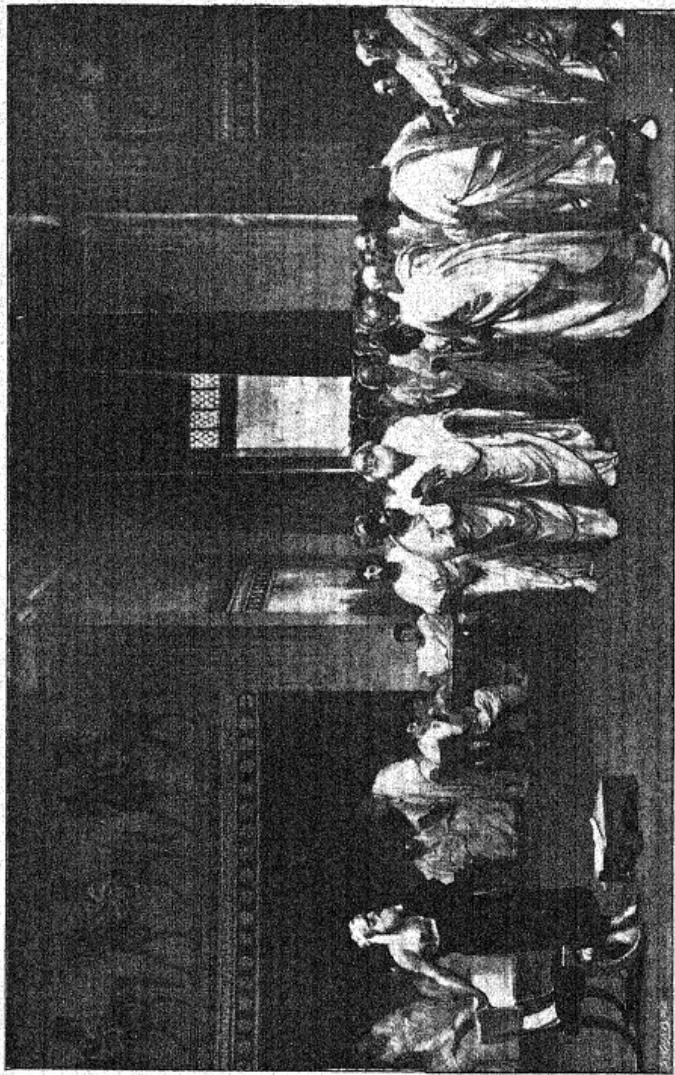
round it, and found that it was an island. They also discovered the Orcades (Orkney Islands), hitherto unknown. Thule,* too, was seen in the distance, which as yet had been hidden by the snows of winter.

"The sky of this land is hidden by continual rain and cloud. Great cold is unknown. With the exception of the olive and vine, the soil will yield all ordinary produce. It ripens indeed slowly, but is of rapid growth, the cause in each case being the same—namely, the great moisture of the soil and of the air. Britain contains gold, silver, and other metals, as the prize of conquest.

"The Britons are of many tribes. Those in that part known as Caledonia have red hair and long limbs. Those in the south are dark and not so tall. They may be akin to the Gauls, for their speech differs but little ; there is among them the same boldness in the face of coming danger, and the same fear in shrinking from it when it is near. The Britons, however, show more spirit than the Gauls, as being a people whom a long peace has not yet made weak and feeble. Even the Gauls were once famous in war, but after a while sloth, following on ease, crept over them, and they lost their courage along with their freedom."

Julius Cæsar was an author as well as a soldier, and he tells us in his writings : "The people of Kent, which lies wholly on the sea-coast, are the most civilized of all the Britons, and differ but little in their manners from the Gauls. The greater part of those within the country never sow their lands, but live on flesh and

* The chief island of the Shetlands (?).



THE BLIND SENATOR APPIUS CLAUDIUS ENTERING THE ROMAN SENATE.

(This picture gives some idea of the civilization of the Romans at the time of the Ancient Britons.

From the painting by Moccart. Anderson, Photo.)

milk, and go clad in skins. All the Britons in general paint themselves with woad, which gives a bluish cast to the skin, and makes them look dreadful in battle. They are long-haired, and shave the face, except the upper lip."

Cæsar also tells us many other interesting things about these early people of Britain. They were divided into tribes, which were constantly at war with one another. They could weave and make themselves clothes of woollen fabrics gaily dyed like plaids ; they made baskets and pots, and had even ornaments of gold.

They had boats, made either of tree-trunks hollowed out or of wickerwork frames covered with skins. They did not live in towns, but in villages or scattered huts, while some of the inland tribes appear to have led a savage life in the woods.

In battle the chiefs drove along the enemy's ranks in chariots which had scythes fastened to the axles ; and when they saw a gap in the line they leapt down out of the chariots, and fought on foot with axes, spears, bows and arrows.

The Britons worshipped many gods. Their teachers of religion were called Druids. They looked upon the mistletoe as a sacred plant, and at certain seasons the Druids went in white robes to cut it down from the oak-trees with golden sickles. Sometimes, it is said, to please their gods, they would make a great wicker basket in the shape of a man, fill it with real men, and set fire to it. The victims were wrong-doers, slaves, or prisoners of war.

It was in the year 55 B.C. that Julius Cæsar got ready to cross the Channel and make an attempt to add the island of Britain to the great Roman Empire.

Cæsar crossed the sea in his ships, and found the high white cliffs of South-Eastern Britain crowded with men ready to oppose his landing, and it was some time before he was able to make a descent upon the coast of Kent. When he did land it was already autumn, and a storm arose which damaged his ships so badly that he had to go back to Gaul without having done anything.

Next year he came again, earlier in the summer, and with a larger army. He landed and marched inland, but it was difficult for the Roman soldiers in their heavy armour to force their way through the thick forests. They managed, however, to get as far as what is now the city of St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, where the British chief who took the lead in opposing him had his stronghold.

The Romans carried the roughly-made fort by storm, and the brave British chief had to submit. Then Cæsar, having succeeded in frightening the Britons, went back to Gaul. He had other plans in view beside which the conquest of Britain was a thing of small importance.

He had made himself the leading man in the Roman Empire by his conquests. But he had a great rival, named Pompey, who was jealous of his success, and got the Senate at Rome to recall him in disgrace. He refused to obey this order, but marched with his army into Italy, while Pompey went to Greece. After a while Cæsar followed him, and defeated him in a great battle.

A little later, when he had won further successes in war, he became the chief man in the Empire, and some of his friends wished to make him King and turn the Roman republic into a kingdom.

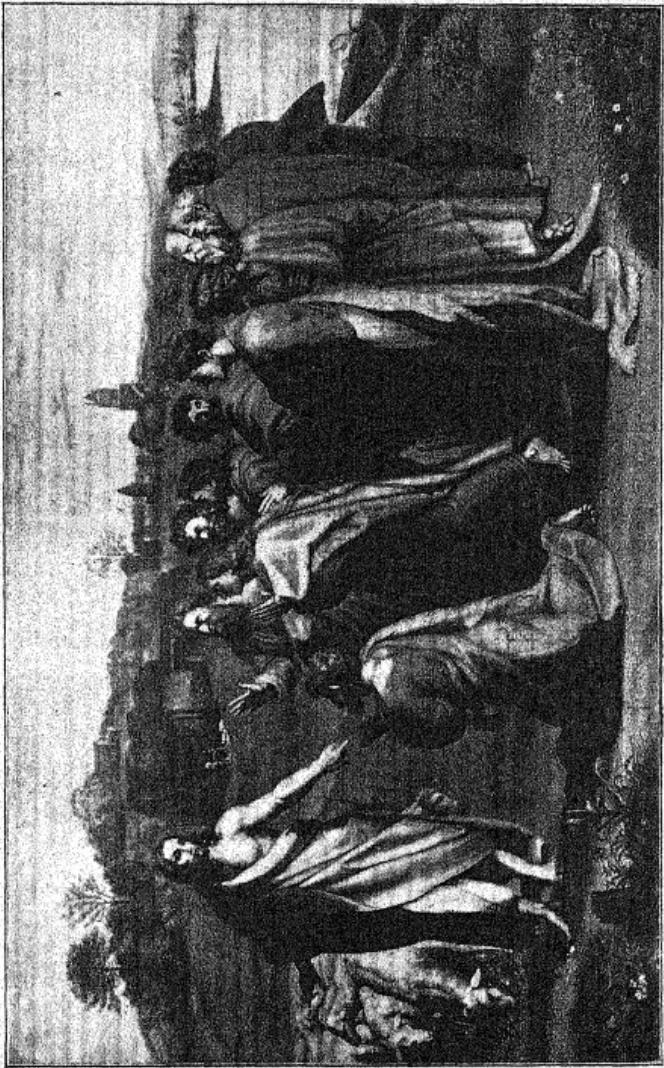
He might have taken this proud title, so great was his power and his ambition. But a number of the chief men of Rome, under a leader named Brutus, who was Cæsar's bosom friend, made a plot to kill him, and he was stabbed to death in the Senate-house in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

After his death his adopted son, who bore the name of Cæsar Octavius, took his place, and the Roman State now actually became an empire under Octavius, as its first ruler. He is generally called Cæsar Augustus in history, and the Roman Empire is often spoken of as the Empire of the Cæsars.

CHAPTER III.—BRITAIN UNDER THE ROMANS.

FOR about a hundred years after the time of Cæsar the Romans left Britain alone. During this time what we might well call the greatest change in the history of the world took place. This was not a great war of conquest, or the rise or fall of a world empire. It was the birth, life, and death of Jesus Christ. He lived that life, not in the busy and wealthy city of the Romans, but in an obscure part of their great Empire near the eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

He lived with poor men, fishermen and others—“not many wise men, not many noble, not many



CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.

(From an engraving after Raphael.)

mighty”—and He died at the hands of the Roman soldiery as a common breaker of their laws. Yet His life and death were in time to change the face of the world, and all the civilized nations were afterwards to be proud to include themselves in what came to be known as Christendom—that is, the kingdom of Christ.

So great were these events in Palestine in the history of the world that at a later time men began to mark the birth of Christ as the beginning of a new age or era. The years before His birth were reckoned as so many B.C.—that is, “before Christ”; while those after His birth were so many A.D.—that is, *anno Domini* (“in the year of our Lord”).

After Cæsar Augustus, the adopted son of the great general, Rome had a long line of Emperors, who ruled the Empire with varying fortunes for nearly five hundred years. We cannot in this book tell the story of each of them. Our chief concern is with those rulers who had something to do with the history of our own land.

It was in the year 43 A.D. that the Emperor Claudius sent a Roman general to conquer Britain and make it a province of the Empire. Though the Britons were divided amongst themselves, it was no easy task to conquer them. One brave chief named Caradoc or Caractacus gave the Romans much trouble before he was captured and sent as a prisoner to Rome.

Of his fearless bearing before the great Emperor we have all read in our history books. According to a Roman writer, he said : “If my fortune had been equal to my birth, O Claudius, then might I have come here,

not as a captive, but as a friend ; and you, without loss of dignity, might have conferred with one royal by descent and the head of many peoples. The present state of things—glorious to you—is to me not disgraceful. I had men, arms, horses, riches. Why is it strange that I should be unwilling to resign them ?

“ But if, indeed, the power of the Romans is to be world-wide, we as well as others must submit. Had I yielded at once, your glory had been less great, and my grave would have buried the memory of your triumph together with myself ; but now it is in your hands. Treat me nobly, and the action will remain an everlasting monument of your mercy.”

The Emperor, it is said, was struck by the bold behaviour of Caractacus, and gave him his freedom instead of putting him to death, which was what often happened to such captives.

The next Emperor of Rome was Nero, whose reign was marked by cruelty and wickedness such as Rome had never seen. He put a large number of people to death seemingly for the pleasure it gave him. He had his own mother assassinated. A great fire broke out in Rome, and Nero watched its progress with keen pleasure, entertaining himself with music while the city burned. Afterwards the Christians of Rome were charged with having started the fire, and many of them were put to death in a most cruel manner.

It was during his reign that Boadicea, the wife of a British chieftain in the east of our island, rose in rebellion against the Romans. During the absence of the chief Roman general her people had been treated

very cruelly by the officers he had left in command. Boadicea herself was publicly flogged and her daughters ill-used.

The angry Princess called upon her subjects to revenge her wrongs. They swept down upon the places where the Romans had settled, and killed large numbers of them. Boadicea stood by, urging them on, a spear in her hand, a gold collar round her neck, and her long hair streaming down her back. But the Roman general marched to meet her ; the rising was soon put down, and in despair Boadicea died in prison by her own hand.

In the reign of the Emperor Titus a Roman general was sent to Britain who was called Julius Agricola. The real conquest of Britain was the work of this great soldier, though the Romans never really subdued the whole of our islands. They sent their legions as far north, however, as the Firth of Forth, beyond which lived some very wild tribes of tall red-haired people called the Picts. Agricola defeated their leader, Gallgacus, in the mountain country of Central Caledonia ; but the Romans could not make those rugged lands their own.

To keep the Picts out of Southern Britain the Romans built two great walls right across the country. One of them ran across the North of England from the mouth of the River Tyne to the head of the Solway Firth. Parts of it may still be seen at various places. The other wall ran from the Firth of Forth to the Firth of Clyde.

The Romans ruled in Britain for about three hundred

and fifty years. During this time they did the Britons much good. They taught the various tribes to live peaceably with each other ; they cleared the forests and drained the marshes, which before their time covered a great part of the country ; they grew corn and planted gardens and orchards ; they built country villas and stately cities, such as York and Colchester, Bath and London, with stone temples and law-courts, theatres and baths, some of the massive remains of which can be seen to this day. And from one end of the land to the other they laid fine straight paved roads, some of which form the foundations of our present turnpikes.

But the great Roman Empire of which our islands formed a part was fated to fall to pieces. When the best portions of Europe had been conquered, the Roman soldiers began to lose their warlike spirit. In the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius we see some of the first signs of the doom that was swiftly coming upon the great Empire.

Marcus Aurelius was himself one of the most noble men of whom history tells us. He has left us a book known as his "Meditations," which shows that he had a very lofty idea of what a good man and a good ruler ought to be. But he was not a great leader in war, nor was he a good judge of men. In his reign the tribes of the North who lived near the Baltic began to leave their own settlements and press forward within the boundaries of the great Roman Empire.

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CHAPTER IV.—THE FALL OF ROME.

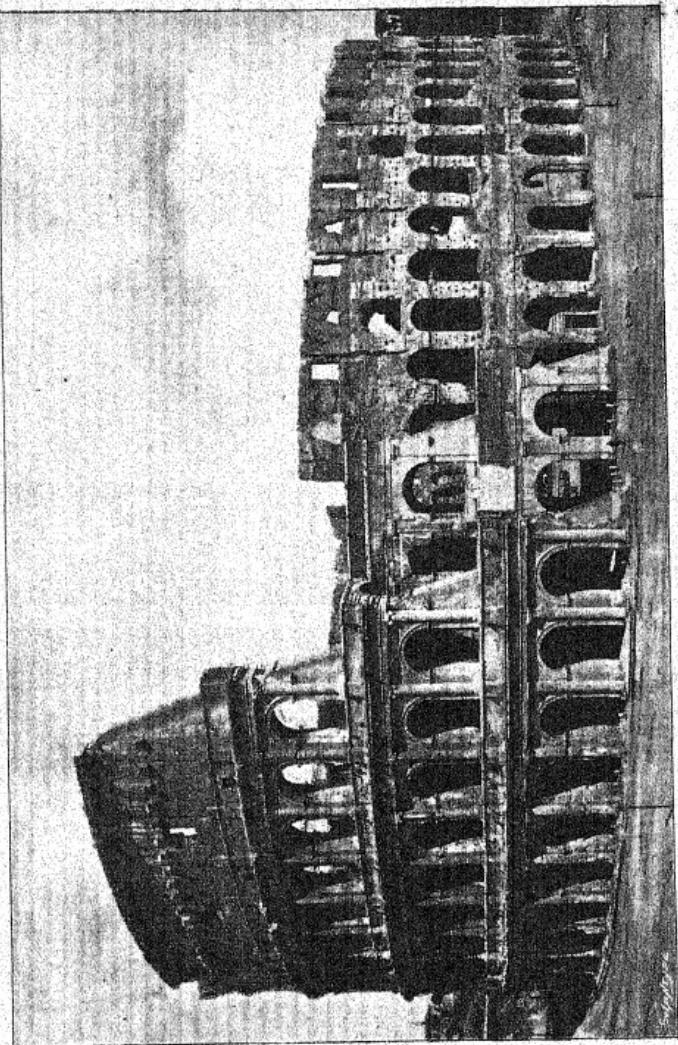
WHEN they first came to Britain, and for about three hundred years later, the Romans were non-Christian. But during the time they ruled here the Christian religion was making its way in the world. It is said that it was in the reign of the cruel Emperor Nero that the Apostle Peter made his way to Rome.

"He toiled along the stately road which led him straight onwards to the capital of the world. He met throngs of the idle and the busy, of strangers and natives. He passed under the high gate and wandered on amid palaces and temples ; he met processions of heathen priests and ministers in honour of their idols ; he met the wealthy lady borne on her litter by her slaves ; he met the stern soldiers who had been the 'massive iron hammers' of the whole earth ; he met the orator returning home with his young admirers and his grateful clients.

"He saw about him nothing but signs of great power ; and what was he but a poor, feeble, aged stranger, in nothing different from the multitude ? The passers-by looked carelessly at him as we might look at a Hindu or gipsy, without a thought that such a one was destined then to commence an age of religious sovereignty, in which the heathen State might live twice over and not see its end."*

At first the Christians had to undergo fierce persecution in Rome itself, as well as in other parts of the

* J. H. Newman.



RUINS OF THE ROMAN COLISEUM, WHERE MANY CHRISTIANS WERE "BUTCHERED TO MAKE A ROMAN HOLIDAY."¹¹

(Anderson, Photo.)

Empire. Things were at their worst in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, who gave an order that all the Christian churches were to be thrown down, the Bibles and service-books to be burned, and all Christians to be denied the protection of the law.

"In many places an altar was set up on which Christians were ordered to make sacrifice to the heathen gods. Many were executed, many burnt alive, many laid bound with stones round their necks in boats, rowed into the midst of the lake, and thrown into the water."*

We have a trace of these cruel doings in the early history of our own land. At a very early date some Christian teachers preached the Gospel in Britain. It is not known who they were, though there is a story that the Apostle Paul himself was one of them. Some of the Britons became Christians, and churches were built by them in a few places.

But the Roman rulers treated them as their fellow-Christians were treated in other parts of the Empire. A soldier named Alban, a Briton, is said to have been put to death for being a Christian near the city which is now called St. Albans. It is not certain whether this story is true, but the event may well have happened.

The time of Diocletian was a sad one for the Christians, yet in a very few years after his reign was ended things took a wonderful and happy change. There came to the throne of the Cæsars a ruler named Constantine, who was serving as an officer in Britain when

* Milman.

he was made Emperor. He it was who made the Roman Empire Christian.

The old legend tells that when he was fighting a battle in Italy he saw in the heavens a flaming cross, on which were the words, *In hoc signo vinces*—that is, “In this sign thou shalt conquer.” After this, it is said, he caused a new standard to be made in the shape of a cross, and when he had overcome his enemies he sent out the order which in time made the Empire Christian. Thus Rome became the centre of the Christian world, and the Bishop of Rome or Pope the leading person in the Church.

Constantine took another important step which had a great deal to do with the future history of Europe. He changed the capital of the Empire from Rome to a city on the Bosphorus, to which he gave the name of Constantinople. Thus Rome lost its proud position as the capital of the world.

The removal of the capital caused a division of the Empire into two great portions. It was, indeed, the beginning of the falling to pieces of the huge and unwieldy Empire of the Romans. The first step was the separation into an Eastern and a Western Empire, the capital of the former being at Constantinople, and of the latter at Rome. And the next was the overrunning of the western part by certain tribes of the North of Europe, of whom we shall read in our next chapter.

CHAPTER V.—THE DARK AGES.

WE come now to a time in the history of Europe which is often spoken of as the Dark Ages, and which lasted about four hundred years. During this time the great Empire over which Rome had borne rule was broken up; and we can see amid the strife and bloodshed the beginnings of several of the great nations of Europe of the present day.

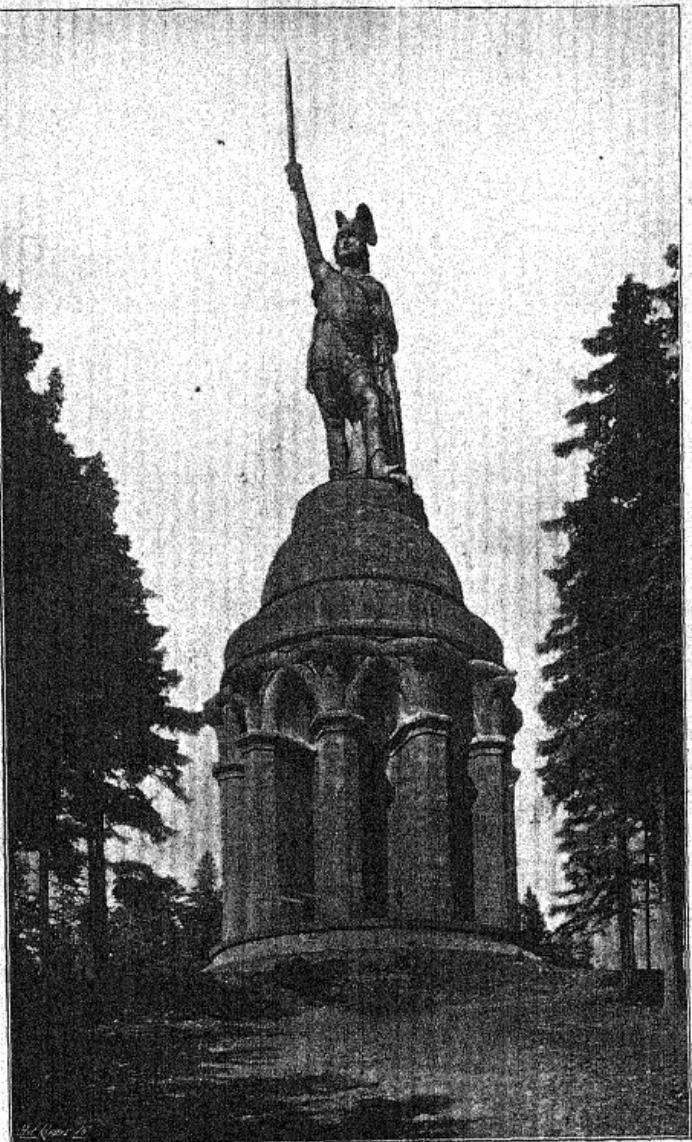
Before we deal with the fall of the Roman Empire we must learn a little of the races of people who brought about that fall. They came for the most part from the lands east of the Rhine and south of the Baltic Sea. They called themselves Deutschen—that is, “the people”—and the name Teutons is the Roman form of this word. As we have already said, the Romans were not able to make their lands part of the Empire.

A Roman writer* of the early time has left us a description of the Teutons, and as our own forefathers were among them, it ought to be very interesting to us. We may perhaps be able to trace in it some of our own ways and habits.

“All have fierce blue eyes, red hair, and huge frames, fit only for sudden exertion. They are less able to do steady labour. Heat and thirst they cannot in the least endure, but to cold and hunger their climate and their soil have hardened them.

“Only a few use swords or lances, but all carry spears. The horse-soldier has a shield and a spear

* The historian Tacitus.



STATUE OF HERMANN NEAR DETMOLD.

(*Hinrichs'sche, Detmold.*)

The foot-soldiers scatter showers of stones, each man being naked or lightly clad with a little cloak. Their shields are marked with very choice colours, and one or two here and there have a metal or leathern helmet.

“ To abandon the shield is the basest of crimes, nor may a man thus disgraced come again among his fellows. Many, indeed, after escaping from battle, have ended their lives with the halter.

“ In battle their squadrons are formed by families and clans. Close by them, too, are those dearest to them, so that they hear the shrieks of women, the cries of infants. *They* are to every man the most sacred witnesses of his bravery. The soldier brings his wounds to wife and mother, who shrink not from counting or even demanding them, and who give food and kind words to the warriors.

“ About small matters the chiefs sit in council, about the more important the whole tribe. When they think proper they sit down armed. Then the King or chief is heard. If his words displease them they reject them with murmurs ; if they are pleased they shake their spears. The most marked form of assent is to clash the spear upon the shield.

“ It is not usual for any to wear arms till they have gained the power to use them. Then one of the chiefs or the young man’s father gives him a shield and spear. Young men think it an honour to serve a chief of proved valour.

“ When they are not fighting they pass much of their time in the chase ; the management of the household, of the home, and of the land is given over to the women,

the old men, and the weakest members of the family. A liquor for drinking is made out of barley, and fermented to make it like wine. They are very fond of games of hazard, and sometimes even stake the freedom of their own persons."

In their earliest struggles with the Roman soldiers the Teutons were led by a chieftain named Hermann, who reminds us in many ways of the Caradoc of Britain, of whom we have already read. He defeated a Roman general in the Teutoberger Forest, after a fierce fight which lasted three days. At a later time, however, he became, like a number of other German chieftains, an officer in the Roman army.

The Teutons were divided into a number of tribes, among whom we are specially interested in the Angles, Saxons, Goths, Lombards, and Franks. In the fifth century we find many of them making their way from North Germany into the western and southern parts of Europe; and if we trace the course they took we shall find ourselves watching the founding of several nations of modern Europe.

The Angles and some of the Saxons crossed the North Sea in their viking ships, and in due time founded the English nation. They first gained a footing in the middle of the fifth century, when the Roman soldiers had been recalled to Rome to defend her from the German tribes who were pouring into Italy from the North.

The story goes that a British chief, Vortigern, being set upon by the Picts of North Britain, made up his mind to call to his aid some of the vikings who had

for some time raided his coasts. They came and helped him, but finding the “land goodly and the people weak,” they not only stayed, but sent across the North Sea for others of their friends.

So began the settlements in our islands which led to the founding of England. The Britons were driven into the highlands of Cumberland, Wales, and Cornwall, and little by little the great English plain was divided into a number of independent kingdoms. All this took nearly one hundred and fifty years to happen.

Another tribe of the Teutons, known as the Lombards, who came from the banks of the Elbe, settled in the rich plain of Northern Italy, which in time took from them its name of Lombardy. The Goths settled in Italy, and also founded States in the South of France and later in Spain.

The tribe known as the Franks lived at first in the Rhineland, and they spread westward over the North of Gaul and eastward to the River Elbe. But while this was going on there came swarming over the West of Europe the hosts of the Huns. They had come originally from Asia, and they swore to “drink the rivers dry and stamp the towns to dust.”

Our country was safe from them owing to its position, but almost the whole of Europe felt the weight of the terrible arm of Attila, their leader, who won for himself the title of the “scourge of God.”

The Romans and the various Teutonic tribes were fighting among themselves, but they banded together to face this terrible invader. When he marched into Gaul a great combined army met him at Chalons and

defeated him completely; but so desperate was the fight that it was said that the ghosts of the slain kept up the battle in the air.

CHAPTER VI.—STRUGGLING TOWARDS THE LIGHT.

WHEN the Huns had been hurled back to their own lands in the basin of the Danube, the settlement of the European nations went on again. Forty years before the great battle against Attila the Goths had taken Rome. They were led by Alaric, who, when he came before the walls of the city, was met by two messengers from the Senate.

In the name of the Roman people they asked for fair terms, telling the Gothic monarch that if he did not grant them he must prepare to give battle to a mighty host. “The thicker the hay the easier it is mown,” he said with a loud laugh.

“He then fixed the ransom which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome—*all* the gold and silver in the city, *all* the rich and precious movables, and all the slaves who could prove their titles to the name of *barbarians*. The Ministers of the Senate asked in a modest tone, ‘If such, O King, are your demands, what do you intend to leave us?’ ‘Your lives,’ replied the haughty conqueror. They trembled and retired.”*

The fall of Rome was only delayed by the payment

* Gibbon.

of huge sums of money. In the next year the Gothic King entered the city, which was betrayed into his hands by certain men within the walls. "At the hour of midnight the gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the Imperial city, which had subdued and civilized so large a part of mankind, was delivered to the fury of the barbarians."*

The Goths sacked the city and retired. But four years after the defeat of the Huns Rome once more fell into their hands, and not long afterwards the Western Empire came to an end. Italy lost its unity, and became the home of various races; and nearly fifteen hundred years were to go by before it once more became a united country under one ruler.

But we must not forget that Rome was still the centre of the religious world of the time. There lived the Pope, to whom all Christians looked as the Head of the Church, and therefore Rome was still a great power in the world, as we shall see as we go on with our story.

Meanwhile, in the central part of Europe, the Franks were making their way from the Rhine westward into the north of the land we now call France. One of their leaders, named Clovis, led his warriors against the city of Lutetia, on the Seine, which stood on the site of the later city of Paris. He drove away the Roman governor, and made this place the centre of a new

* Gibbon.

kingdom, afterwards known as Francia. Thus we see the small beginning of one great European nation.

Clovis married a wife named Clotilda, who was a Christian, and wished with all her heart to make her warlike husband one, too. It is said that she told him the wondrous story of the life of Christ, and of His cruel death on the cross of Calvary. The King's eyes glistened as he heard the tale, and grasping his battle-axe, he murmured : " Ah, would that I had been there with my Franks ! "

Not long afterwards he went out to battle, and at a critical moment cried for help to the God of the Christians. The battle turned in his favour, and his Queen urged him to be baptized. He consented, and made his way to the cathedral church at Rheims.

It was on Christmas Day that he was baptized. As the barbarian chief walked slowly up the aisle of the great church he looked round in wonder on the white-robed priests, the painted hangings, and the lighted candles of the altar. " Is not this the kingdom of heaven which you promised me ? " he asked in a voice of awe. " No," replied the Bishop ; " but it leads to it. Bow thy head, O King, and hereafter adore the cross thou hast burned, and burn the idols thou hast adored." Then the King knelt and was baptized along with three thousand of his warriors.

After this Clovis extended his sway over a large part of Gaul. He reigned for thirty years, and when he died his kingdom was divided among his sons. It was from the Court of Paris that, about fifty years after his death, a Frankish Princess crossed the Channel

to become the bride of King Ethelbert of Kent. She was, of course, a Christian, too, and she set to work to draw the heart of her husband to the worship of Christ.

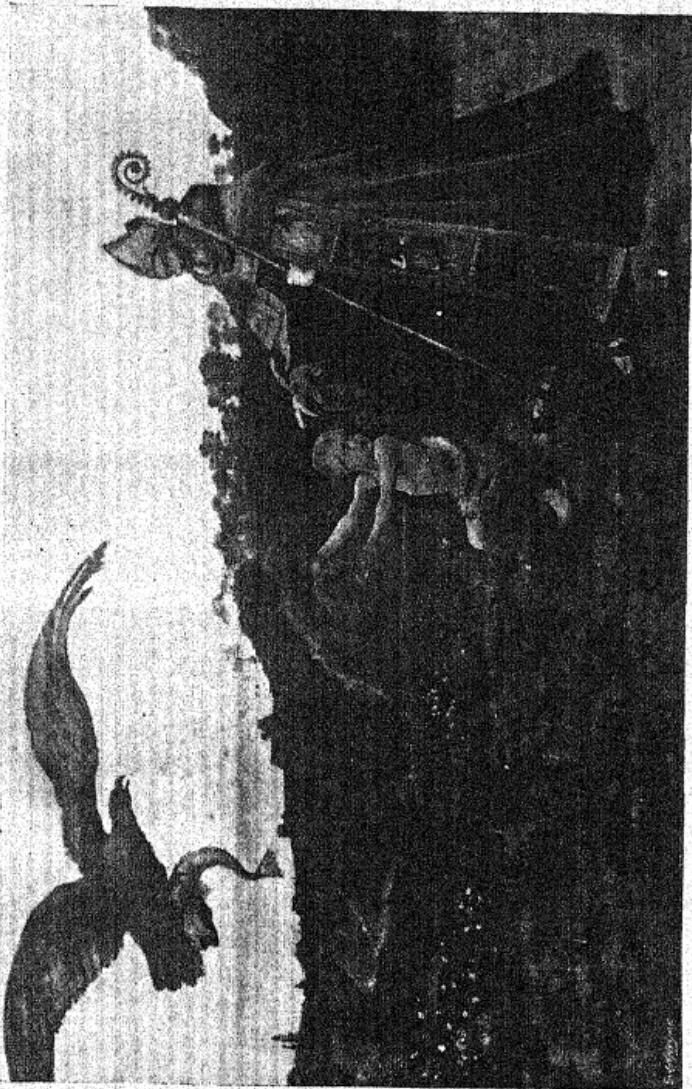
Then the good Pope Gregory sent from Rome a band of monks under a leader named Augustine. They landed in the Isle of Thanet, and sent a message to the King. He gave orders that they should be kindly treated, and after a time went over into the island, and told the monks to meet him in the open air ; for he thought that if they were wizards and tried to cast a spell upon him, it would have less power out of doors.

So the monks came before him in procession, and Augustine preached to the King. Then Ethelbert said to him : “ Your words sound good, but they are new and strange, and I cannot at once forsake all that I and my fathers have believed so long. But you have come from a far country, and I will give you food to eat and a house to dwell in ; and you may preach to my people, and if any will believe I will not hinder them.”

Then the monks came to Canterbury and preached to the people, and many believed. Before long the King became a Christian also, and Augustine was made the first Archbishop of Canterbury.

One of the Kentish King’s daughters married King Eadwine of Northumbria, and took with her to her northern home a priest named Paulinus. At first her husband kept to his own gods, but at last he consented to gather together his wise men to consider whether they should all become Christians or not.

Then a wise old thegn arose and said : “ Truly the



A MIRACULOUS MEAL—A LEGEND OF ST. CUTHBERT.

(From the painting by Duez, Ries, Photo.)

life of a man in this world, compared with that life of which we know nothing, is on this wise. It is as when thou, O King, art sitting at supper with thy thegns in winter-time, when the hearth is lighted in the midst and the hall is warm, but outside the rains and the snow are falling and the winds are howling.

“Then cometh a sparrow and flieth through the house. She cometh in at one door and goeth out at another. Whilst she is in the house she feeleth not the storms of winter, but yet, when a little moment of rest is over, she flieth again into the storm, and passeth away from our eyes. So is it with the life of man. It is but for a moment. What goeth before it and what cometh after it we know not at all. Wherefore, if these strangers can tell us anything that we may know whence man cometh and whither he goeth, let us listen to them and obey their law.”

Then Paulinus preached to them, and the King and his people became Christians. But afterwards, during the cruel wars for supremacy among the Anglo-Saxon Kings, the northern land fell once more into heathen ways, and the work of Paulinus had to be done over again. This time it was done by monks who came from a monastery which had been founded on the island of Iona by a missionary from Ireland named Columba.

Of the great and good men who worked to win over Northumbria to the side of Christ the two most famous were Aidan and Cuthbert. The former set up a monastery on Holy Island, and went about the North Country preaching and winning all men’s hearts by

his devotion and gentleness. And when he died his work was carried on by Cuthbert, after whom the great church at Durham was named.

CHAPTER VII.—CHARLEMAGNE, THE CHAMPION OF UNITY.

GREAT confusion followed upon the breaking up of the Roman Empire, as we have already seen. Never again was the whole of Western Europe to come under one central power. But exactly one century before the time of our own King Alfred there arose a powerful ruler in Europe who tried to bring all the lands of the Romans under his control. This was Charles the Great, or Charlemagne.

Let us go back for a few moments to the time of Clovis. When he died his kingdom fell apart for a time because the Princes who followed him were weak and spiritless. But at the time when the Saxon Kings in England were fighting for the mastery there arose in France a great general known as Charles Martel.

The land was in danger of being overrun by the Arabs or Saracens, who had already set up a kingdom in Spain. They were followers of Mahomet and enemies of the Cross. Their sign was the Crescent. According to their story one of their chiefs had seen in a vision a new moon which kept growing until its horns met and formed a perfect circle. This, he said, meant that the religion of Mahomet would in due time be that of the whole world. So the Crescent

became the standard of the followers of Mahomet, with the motto, "Until it shall fill the earth."

In time the Saracens crossed the Pyrenees, and were met by the Frankish general Charles at Tours. There a famous battle took place, in which the great question at issue was whether France was to be under Cross or Crescent. The victory fell to the trusty Franks, led by their brave leader, and it was in this fight that he won the surname of Martel, or "the Hammer."

Charles Martel did not become King of the Franks. This honour was reserved for his son, who was known as Pepin the Short. He sent to the Pope a messenger to ask the question, "Does the kingdom belong to him who has the power without the name, or to him who bears the name without the power?" For at the time the King of the Franks was a weakling not worthy of consideration.

The Pope of the time, who wished to gain the help of Pepin in a struggle with the Lombards of North Italy, sent him the answer he desired. And Pepin was lifted on the shields of his retainers, and hailed as King. He was crowned by an Archbishop named Boniface, a native of our own Devonshire, whose preaching and teaching had greatly helped to spread Christianity and civilization among the Franks and other Germans.

The son of this King was the Charles of whom we spoke at the beginning of this chapter. He is generally known as Charlemagne, which is the French form of the Latin *Carolus Magnus*, Charles the Great. Many stories are told of him and his famous knights or

paladins, most of which do not really belong to history.

Two of the most famous of his paladins were Roland and Oliver, who were, according to the stories, models of knightly courage and manly virtue. Like his grandfather and namesake, Charles fought against the Saracens, crossing the Pyrenees and driving them beyond the Ebro. Then the King led his army back through the mountains into France, after placing the rearguard of his force under the command of Roland.

As the army was making its way through the Pass of Roncesvalles it was attacked by bands of wild men of the mountains, who slaughtered the Franks before the King could send relief. But in the poem called "The Song of Roland," which the minstrels of a later day used to sing, it is the Saracens who set upon the Franks, and both Roland and Oliver fall after doing many heroic deeds in the fight.

After this Roland and Oliver became heroes of romance. The former, said the poets and minstrels, was a nephew of Charlemagne, and a giant in stature and strength. The blast of his horn, which could strike terror into a whole army, might be heard thirty miles away. His spear was of great length and enormous weight ; his sword *Durendal* was the handiwork of the fairies, and in his last great battle at Roncesvalles he smote a rock with it and made a fissure of three hundred feet in depth.

Charlemagne reigned for forty-three years, and engaged in more than fifty campaigns in various parts of Europe ; and when all this fighting was over he was

ruler of those parts of Europe now known as France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, the western part of Germany, and the northern portion of both Spain and Italy.

This meant that he was ruler of almost the same lands as had been at an earlier time included under the title of the Western Empire of the Caesars, with Rome as its centre. And the next step in the career of this powerful monarch therefore seems a very natural one.

He was in Rome at the close of the year 800, and on Christmas Day attended a solemn service at the great church of St. Peter. And there the Pope crowned him with the strange title of Emperor of the Romans. "As in the sight of all," writes a great historian, "he placed upon the brow of the barbarian chieftain the diadem of the Caesars, then bent in lowly reverence before him, the church rang to the shout of the crowd, again free, again the lords and centre of the world: 'To Charles, the most pious Augustus, crowned of God, the great and peace-giving Emperor, be life and victory!'"

Thus Charles became the successor of the Roman Caesars, although there was still a so-called Roman Emperor at Constantinople who upheld the empty claim of being Lord of the World. This monarch now drops almost entirely out of our story. For many centuries later Constantinople was the capital of a loosely-jointed Empire, the fortunes of which we do not need to follow closely. Our concern is with Western Europe, which was now for a time united



CHARLEMAGNE CROWNED AS EMPEROR OF THE ROMANS.—H. LEVY.

(*From the mural paintings in the Pantheon, Paris. Neurdein, Photo.*)

under Charlemagne as Emperor and the Pope as spiritual ruler.

The new Emperor did not, however, make Rome his dwelling-place. His own capital was at Aachen or Aix-la-Chapelle, where he built a splendid palace and church. Like our Alfred the Great, he was a lover of learning, of music, and of poetry. He himself studied under a learned monk who came to him from England. "He tried to write," we are told, "and for this purpose used to carry materials with him which were even placed under his pillow at night in order that he might at odd times accustom his fingers to the shaping of the letters." But he had begun too late in life. His hand was more accustomed to the sword.

At one time there came as a fugitive to his Court an English Prince named Egbert, who was heir to the throne of the West Saxons. There he learnt the value of unity, and he went back to engage in the struggle which at length made him overlord of the other Kings in our land, and the first real King of England.

The great Emperor died in 814, and was buried under the dome of his church at Aix. But his fame lived on through the ages, and he became, like his paladin Roland, the central figure of numerous legends and romances. He is not dead, says one story, but awaits crowned and armed in a mountain cavern till the time shall need him, when he will arise and become again the champion of Christendom. He is still the guardian of his people, says another legend, and appears in years of plenty, when he crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge, and blesses the cornfields and vineyards.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FURY OF THE NORSEmen.

THE idea that Emperor and Pope should rule the world from Rome did not lead to the founding of a real Empire. When Charlemagne passed away his dominions fell apart, for there was no strong man to follow him and hold them together. As a matter of fact, Western Europe had in it the makings of many great nations. It was not like our own island, which was cut off and plainly intended by Nature to form a single State.

Yet this idea of a world-empire did not die. For many centuries after the time of Charlemagne the Popes of Rome went on crowning one prince after another with the title of Emperor of the Romans, and claiming to rule with him the whole of Western Europe. As a rule, the Emperor was a Prince of Germany; and in tracing the division of Europe among the modern nations we must always remember what is meant when we speak of "*the* Emperor."

In history the great monarch who was the first to be crowned as Emperor is known by the French title of Charlemagne and the German one of Karl the Great. This reminds us that he is looked upon as an early hero by both France and Germany, for the central part of his great dominions stretched from Brittany to the Elbe.

Thirty years after his death his great Empire was divided into three parts. There was an eastern portion, which we may roughly name Germany; a western portion, which in time became France; and a central

portion, which took in the North of Italy and a strip of land running north-west from the Alps to the mouths of the Rhine. Spain lay for the most part outside his dominions. The greater part of it was ruled by an Arab emir or Caliph, who had his Court at Cordova.

At one time, it is said, Charlemagne was making a journey to Rome, and stopped for a time at a seaport on the Mediterranean. One day, as he stood by a window looking out upon the sea, his attendants noticed that his eyes were filled with tears. None of his great men dared to question him, but he said to one of them : “ Do you see those vessels in the distance ? ” “ I do, sire,” was the answer. “ Well, those are the Northmen. They have come to plunder these shores. For myself I do not fear them, but woe to those who come after me ! ”

The next stage in our story of Europe deals with these people whom the great King called the Northmen. In the ninth century, as we know from our own history, they troubled our King Alfred the Great. But their ravages were spread more widely than over the little realm of England. They swarmed over the whole of Europe, these fierce heathen vikings from Norway and Sweden and Denmark ; and they have a great deal to do with the carving out of the nations as we know them to-day. Let us follow them with a map of Europe before us.

Across the North Sea they came to England, as the Angles and Saxons had done at an earlier time. “ There was the same wild panic as the black boats of the invaders struck inland along the river reaches or moved

around the river islets, the same sights of horror, firing of homesteads, slaughter of men, women driven off to slavery, children tossed on pikes or sold in the market-place, as when the English attacked Britain. Christian priests were again slain at the altar by worshippers of Wodin ; letters, arts, religion, government, disappeared before these Northmen as before the Northmen of old.”*

The English King who faced the Danes, as the vikings were known in our own land, was Alfred the Great. How he schemed against them, fought and conquered them, is one of the best-known parts of our early history. In his day he won peace for a time, but the Danes gained a footing in the east of our island. After his death the struggle went on again, till at last the invaders won. “ All England,” says an old writer, “ fought against Canute, but Canute had the victory.”

Then our island became for a time part of a larger kingdom, which took in Norway, Denmark, and part of Sweden. Of this kingdom Canute or Cnut was the ruler. He had won it by the sword, and the fierceness of his methods afterwards seems to have troubled him. He paid a visit to Rome a few years before his death, and wrote from that city a letter to his subjects telling them how he had been received.

“ Be it known to all of you,” he writes, “ that I have humbly vowed to Almighty God to amend my life in all respects, and to rule my kingdoms and people with justice and mercy ; and if, through the hotness of youth or carelessness, I have done evil in times past, I

* J. R. Green.

intend, by God's grace, to make an entire change for the better."

While King Alfred and those who followed him were fighting with the Danes, other bands of Norsemen were making raids in the North of France. At last they laid siege to Paris, but were beaten back. Charles the Simple, however, was forced to buy them off, as King Alfred did with the Danes, and in time they won a footing in the lands which lay west of the Seine.

The most famous leader of these Norse bands was Rolf or Rollo. He bore the surname of the Ganger or Walker, because he went always on foot, no horse being strong enough to carry him. He met Charles the Simple, and made with him a treaty by which he obtained the land afterwards known as Normandy, as well as large sums of money.

This Norse chieftain afterwards became Duke of Normandy, and was the ancestor of William the Conqueror. Among the other nobles of the Court of Paris he was known as Duke of the Pirates. But Rolf cared nothing for their scorn, having had the best of the arrangement with the King, who was his overlord in name alone, as the following story will show :

When he was told that he was expected to kiss the King's foot, he bluntly refused, and told one of his followers to do it for him. The Norseman did not relish the task, though he performed it—in his own way. Bending down slightly, he took hold of the royal foot, and raised it suddenly to his lips, almost overturning the King in the act.

Other bands of Norsemen penetrated into the heart of



RURIK THE VIKING.

(From the original drawing by H. W. Koekkoek.)

Russia, of which at that time little or nothing was known in Western Europe. One of their leaders, a Swede named Rurik, settled in the country, and became the first of a long line of Russian monarchs. Bands of Norsemen also sailed away to the North-West, and settled in the island of Iceland, where they had to fight, not with men, but with the sterner forces of Nature. Other Norsemen, again, sailed into the Mediterranean, and settled at various points along the northern shores.

The Norse invasions set back the progress of civilization for a time ; but it was, on the whole, a good thing for the nations of Europe that they were given a mixture of such a hardy race as the vikings of the North. They did not find a Norse State, as we have seen. In time England passed once more under English Kings, and the Normans of Normandy became Frenchmen in manners and in speech.

CHAPTER IX.—THE RETURN OF THE HUNS.

ONE of the English Kings who followed Alfred the Great was named Athelstan. He fought manfully with the Danes and their allies, the Scots, Irish, and Welsh, and beat them at the great Battle of Brunanburgh in Lancashire. “ Their foes they crushed,” says the old poet; “ the Scottish people and the shipmen fated fell : the field did flow with warriors’ blood, since the sun up at morning-tide, glided over ground till the noble creature sank to her settle.”

After this great fight England became one nation,

with Athelstan as ruler. So powerful was this King that the hand of his daughter Editha was sought by a ruler of the Germans named Otto or Otho. Let us see what kind of a land it was that this monarch ruled. We must go back a little to the time of his father, who was known as Henry the Fowler.

When the race of Charlemagne had died out the great nobles of Germany elected as King one of their number who was thought to be best fitted for the high office. The second man to be chosen was Duke Henry of Saxony. He was not present at the council of Princes which elected him, and after the meeting messengers were sent to offer him the crown.

It is said that they found him in a valley near the Hartz Mountains engaged in hawking, whence he was ever afterwards known as Henry the Fowler. He accepted the offer of the nobles, met them at a great council, and was lifted upon the shield, according to German custom, and hailed as King.

His task as a King was very like that which fell to the lot of our own King Alfred, only the enemies of his kingdom were not Danes, but Huns from beyond the Danube. You will remember how the Huns had been beaten back at an earlier date (see p. 30). Now they were once more making raids in Western Europe, and especially on the lands of the Germans.

At first Henry the Fowler paid them money, and so bought a truce of nine years' duration. He used these nine years well. Fortified towns were built on his borders, and his soldiers were carefully trained. Then when all was ready he refused to make any more

payments to the Huns, and dared them to do their worst.

The Huns at once poured into his kingdom in great numbers. Henry marched to meet them, and defeated them in a great battle, where thirty thousand of his foes were slain. After this the Huns fell back, but it was not till the next reign that the German lands were once and for all set free from their unwelcome presence.

The son and successor of Henry was the Otto who married the daughter of our King Athelstan, of whom we spoke at the beginning of this chapter. He was a stern, ambitious man, who knew what he wanted and meant to have it. "His appearance was full of majesty," writes a monk of his time; "his fair hair waved over his shoulders, his eyes were bright and sparkling, his beard was of very great length."

The Huns now entered Germany and laid siege to the wealthy trading town of Augsburg, which was encircled by a strong wall and a moat. The place defied all the efforts of the Huns to take it, and Otto marched to its relief with a large army. A great battle took place outside the walls. Nearly all the Huns were killed or drowned in the River Lech, and never again did they attempt an invasion of Germany.

The next campaign of Otto was in Italy, which was now divided among a number of Princes who were always at war with each other. The German King marched across the Alps to the help of a young Princess who was in danger from her enemies. He set her free, married her, his English wife having died some time before, and then marched on to Rome. There

the Pope met him, and crowned him, like Charlemagne, as Emperor of the Romans.

The title was a vain and empty one in the time of the great Charlemagne. It was still more vain and empty now. It meant that Otto claimed to rule the whole of Western Europe. But France was now a separate kingdom, and did not for a moment own the lordship of "the Emperor."

Otto's empire really consisted roughly of Germany and Italy. He was King of the Germans, and, of course, over them his rule was a real thing. Over part of Italy he had a kind of control kept up by the power of the sword.

We must remember all through these chapters this connection of Germany and Italy. It was a bad thing for both countries, and delayed the settlement of each as a separate nation. But for hundreds of years many men could not get out of their minds the idea of a great world-empire under one monarch. We shall find it coming to the front again and again in the course of our story.

CHAPTER X.—THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

OTTO, the German King and Emperor of the Romans, claimed to rule over France ; but everyone, even Otto himself, knew very well that this claim was without any foundation. Only a few years after he was crowned as Emperor at Rome France obtained a King who took the first steps towards making the country united.

His Christian name was Hugh, and he was given the surname of Capet, because it is said he wore over his head a “cape” or “cap,” like a monk’s cowl, having refused to wear a crown. His work as a King was very like that of our King Athelstan—to unite the country under one head and put a check to the lawless deeds of the nobles.

It was hard work, for, strong man as he was, Hugh Capet did not find it easy to bring his barons to order. They lived in strong castles, and plundered the peasant, the farmer, and the merchant ; they fought continually against each other, and laid waste the country with fire and sword. “Who made you Count ?” said Hugh angrily to a noble who would not obey him ; and the daring answer was, “Who made you King ?”

We come now to the year 1000 A.D., which many people in Western Europe thought was to see the end of the world and the beginning of the “thousand years of Christ”—a new reign in which lawlessness would be put down and the wicked punished. There was great terror among the people of France and other lands round about, and when the time drew near thousands of them were gathered in the churches waiting for the hour of doom.

Of course, the time went by, and there was no sign in heaven or earth. People went back to their work, and hope once more revived in their hearts. But the time of terror had done them good. The monks and priests used it to win over the barons to consent to lay aside their quarrels for a time. Many of them promised to observe what was called the *Truce of God*, which

forbade fighting between Wednesday evening and Monday morning of each week. This acted to some extent as a check upon the lawless and violent.

Meanwhile two men had been born in Western Europe who were destined to have great influence upon her history. One was Harold, the son of Earl Godwin of England ; the other was William, Duke of Normandy, who is known in our history as the Conqueror.

The King of England at that time was Edward the Confessor, who had spent his youth at the Norman Court. He was very learned, very pious, and quite unfit to be a King. He had around him many Norman friends and favourites, and it is said that during a visit of Duke William to his Court he promised his guest that he should succeed to the crown of England.

Some years before the death of Edward Earl Harold was wrecked on the French coast, and fell into Duke William's power. The latter is said to have made Harold swear a solemn oath that if he became King of England he would make the Duke's daughter his Queen, or else give up his throne to William himself. Whatever it was that Harold promised to do, he refused to carry it out when, on the death of the Confessor, he was chosen King of England.

William at once made ready to invade England, and with a large force of archers and cavalry crossed the Channel in the autumn of 1066. He landed not far from Hastings, and the story goes that as he stepped ashore his foot slipped, and he fell forward on his face. "A bad sign !" cried his knights, as they ran to help him up. But William cared little for signs or omens,

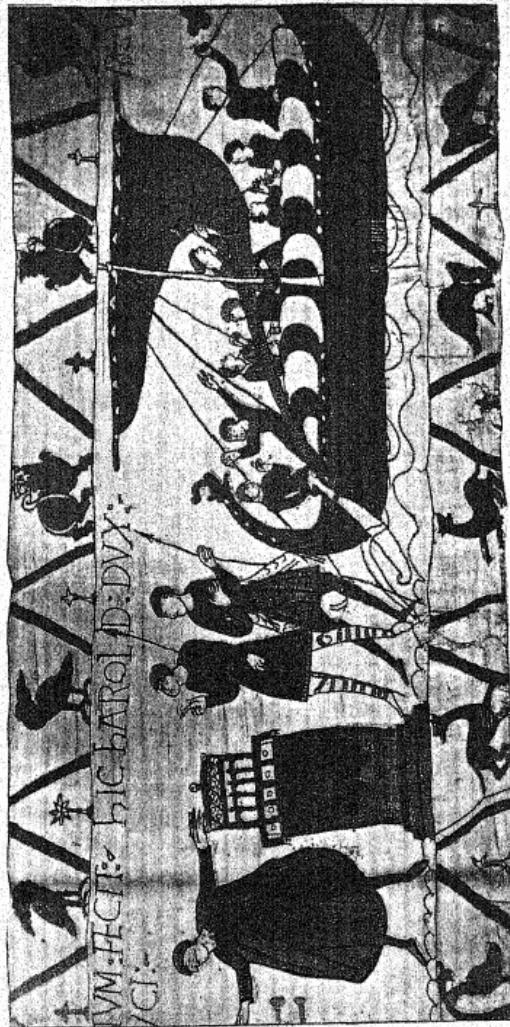
good or bad. Grasping the sand with both hands, he cried : “Thus do I take possession of mine own.”

Not long afterwards a great battle was fought at Senlac, not far from Hastings. Here the Duke was met by Harold, who had been fighting in the North of England, and had hastened with all speed to the South to meet his foes. The story of the great battle, of the heroic stand of the English, of the defeat and death of Harold, is one of the most striking and most momentous in our country’s history. “That was a fatal day for England,” writes a monk of the time, “a melancholy havoc of our dear country through its change of masters.”

For William followed up his victory by marching on London, and getting himself duly chosen as King by the Witan. On Christmas Day he was crowned in Westminster Abbey as William the First. But the Conquest was only begun.

It went on for ten years after the great battle near Hastings, and after much fighting in all parts of our land William was at last in very truth the Conqueror. He was before all else a masterful man, as an early writer tells us. “The rich complained,” he says, “and the poor murmured, but he recked not aught of them. They must will all that the King willed if they would live, or would keep their lands, or would hold their goods, or be maintained in their rights.”

During the last eleven years of his reign he had no enemy to fear within his English realm. His officers kept peace and order throughout the land. “It was said that in his day a man might go through the



A FRAGMENT OF THE TAPESTRY AT BAYEUX, SHOWING HAROLD TAKING AN OATH TO SUPPORT WILLIAM'S CLAIM TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

country with his bosom full of gold, and no one would dare to rob him ; neither did any man dare slay another, even though he had done him great evil."

Before the Norman Conquest England had not much to do with the continent of Europe.

But now she became more closely connected with it. She was only part of the dominions of the Norman rulers, and, as we shall see later, not even the most important part. But it was not the destiny of our island to become part of a European State, and as we go on with our story we shall find her, after many changes of fortune, once more entirely separated from France.

In his last years the Conqueror was engaged in a quarrel with the King of France, who was in name at least his overlord, and who had jested at the English King's stoutness. "In the month of August, when the corn was ripe upon the ground, and the orchards and vines hung heavy with fruit, he entered France. To revenge an idle jest he laid the whole country waste, and so made the people suffer for their King's fault. He set fire to the city of Mantes, but whilst he was looking with joy at the flames his horse trod on a burning ember and stumbled. William was thrown heavily forward against the saddle, and was so severely hurt that he was carried away to Rouen to die."

CHAPTER XI.—THE CRUSADERS—I.

WE have read in our English history something of the wars in Palestine which were known as the Crusades. Our first King Richard won the name of Lion Heart chiefly by his bravery in the Holy Land ; and most of us know the story which tells how the life of Edward I. was saved by his devoted wife sucking the poison from a wound made by an assassin's dagger, while that Prince was fighting as a Crusader.

The Crusades, however, do not belong merely to English history. One famous writer has called them “the first great European event,” because they united the warriors of almost the whole of Western Europe under one standard—the banner of the Cross. They began, not in England, but in France, and in the following way :

When William the Conqueror became King of this country the Holy Land was under the rule of the Saracens or Arabs, who were followers of the Prophet Mahomet. These people had held Jerusalem and the country round about for more than four hundred years, but on the whole they had not been unkind to the Christian pilgrims who flocked to the Holy City from all parts of Western Europe.

The father of the Conqueror, who was known as Robert the Magnificent, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and died on his way home. He was one of the many Princes of the time who, after a life of bloodshed, tried to wipe out the memory of their cruelties

by going to see what our great poet Shakespeare calls

“those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred* years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross.”

But ten years after the Battle of Senlac the Holy City fell into the hands of the warlike Turks, who came from Central Asia. These people were also followers of Mahomet, but the pilgrims now found that they were forbidden access to the holy places in and near Jerusalem. Many of them, moreover, suffered cruelly at the hands of the Turks.

A certain priest known as Peter the Hermit, a native of Picardy, in France, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and saw with his own eyes how the Christians were treated by the Turks. Filled with anger, he resolved to rouse the nations of Western Europe to a holy war.

“The Hermit crossed Italy and the Alps, went from province to province, from city to city. He rode on a mule, with a crucifix in his hand, his head and feet bare. His dress was a long robe girt with a cord, and a hermit’s cloak of the coarsest stuff. He preached in the pulpits, in the roads, in the market-places.”

Wherever he went he stirred the hearts of men, who looked upon him as a messenger from God Himself. A great meeting of nobles and clergy was called by the Pope at Clermont, in France. Peter spoke to the assembly, roused them to anger, and moved many to tears. Then the Pope arose and added his eloquent

* The words are put into the mouth of Henry IV.

words to those of the Hermit. "They who die in this war," he concluded, "will enter the mansions of heaven, while the living shall behold the sepulchre of our Lord."

"It is the will of God! It is the will of God!" shouted the people. "It is indeed the will of God," replied the Pope. "Let these words be your war-cry when you unsheathe your swords against the enemy." Then he bade those who were ready to fight for the Cross to wear the sacred sign upon back and breast and shield as a token of the Master whom they had elected to serve.

At once great preparations were made to set out for the Holy Land. "Europe," writes a historian, "seemed to be a land of exile which everyone was eager to quit." Impatient of delay, the Hermit was the first to start, with a mere rabble of people—men, women, and even children—who were not fitted in any way for war and conquest. Those who did not die on the way were slain in their first battle with the Turks not far from Constantinople.

The first real Crusade set out in 1096—that is, near the end of the reign of our King William Rufus, who was the son of the Conqueror. His brother Robert, Duke of Normandy, sold his lands to him in order to raise money to go to the Holy Land. The leader of this first Crusade was a nobleman of France known as Godfrey de Bouillon, a brave man and a wise ruler "whom the knights looked upon as their model, the soldiers as their father."

The Crusaders reached Constantinople, crossed the

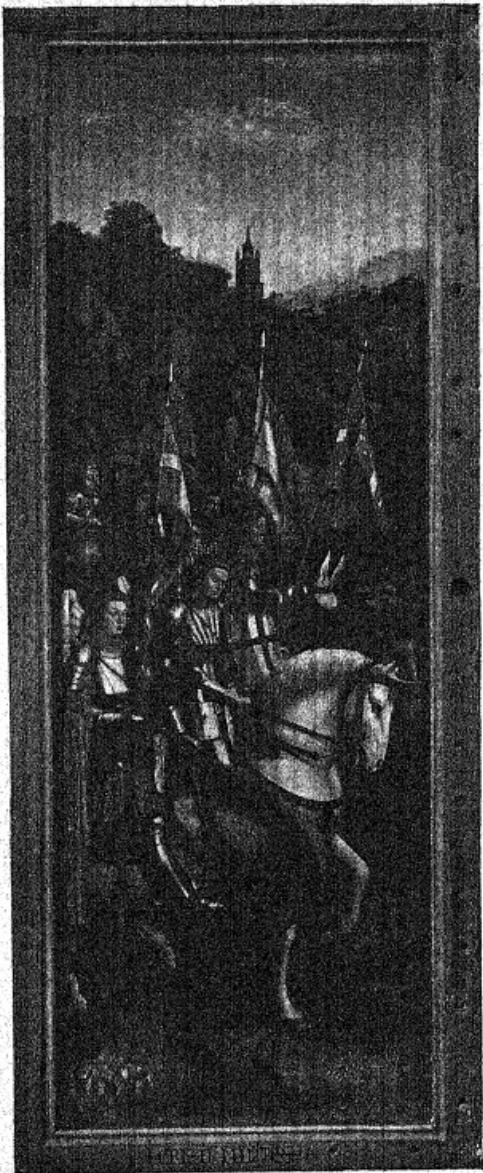
Straits, and laid siege to Antioch, which was taken after much cruel slaughter. Then Godfrey turned his face towards Jerusalem, which had lately been taken from the Turks by the Saracens of Egypt. The Crusaders were deeply moved when they caught sight of the towers and walls of the Holy City in the early dawn of a summer morning.

The joyful cry of “Jerusalem! Jerusalem!” ran through their ranks. Tears of joy rose to the eyes and ran down the cheeks of stern warriors who beheld at length the sacred city of their hopes. Many fell on their knees and thanked God for the sight.

Then in the name of the Prince of Peace they began their work of war and slaughter. For about four weeks they besieged the city, and when at last they made an entry the followers of Mahomet were put to death without mercy. Even women and children were not spared in that mad massacre of the “heathen hounds.”

Godfrey was chosen King of Jerusalem, but he refused the royal title. “I cannot wear a crown of gold,” he said, “in the place where the Saviour of the world was crowned with thorns.” He therefore took the humbler title of “Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre,” which he kept till the time of his death.

When he died the Holy City was in danger of falling into the hands of the Turks once more, and a second Crusade was planned in Western Europe. The man who stirred up the people to this new holy war was Bernard, the Abbot of a monastery at Clairvaux, in France.



CRUSADERS ON THE MARCH.

(From the painting by Van Eyck. Hanfstaengl, Photo.)

"Christian warriors," he cried in an assembly of the nobles, "these are combats worthy of you, combats in which it is glorious to conquer and glorious to die. Remember the example of your fathers who won Jerusalem, and whose names are written in heaven. Leave the things that perish to gather eternal palms, and to win a kingdom which has no end."

His words had the desired effect. The French nobles mustered under their King, Louis VII., and the Germans under the Emperor Conrad. Then the great army set out for the East, but only to meet with disaster and defeat, and after some years Jerusalem fell into the hands of Saladin, the Saracen ruler of Egypt.

CHAPTER XII.—THE CRUSADERS—II.

THE third Crusade was now organized, and three Kings of Western Europe took part in it—the Emperor Frederick I., who was known as Barbarossa, or Red Beard; Philip II. of France; and Richard I., known as Cœur de Lion, of England.

The Kings of France and England went to the Holy Land by sea. The Emperor marched by land towards the Bosphorus. Philip and Richard sailed to Sicily, where they had a serious quarrel, and after the Crusaders had taken the town of Acre, in the Holy Land, Philip sailed for home.

Richard was now left alone to make the advance upon Jerusalem, and the struggle with Saladin for the

Holy City lasted for no less than three years. It ended, not in victory for either side, but in a truce by which the Christians were given admission to the holy places within the city. Saladin was a brave and courteous foe, who set an example of high-minded valour to many a Christian knight. Sir Walter Scott's famous tale "The Talisman" deals with this campaign, and tells the story of Saladin's dealings with the lion-hearted King.

The English people were proud of their warrior King, though he had little to do with them except to receive at their hands the means for carrying on his wars. To the people of the Holy Land he was a source of terror. For many years after his death Syrian mothers would frighten their little ones by telling them that the English King would come and take them away ; and if a horse suddenly started, its rider would ask, "Dost think King Richard is in that bush ?"

Meanwhile, the Emperor Frederick had set out from Ratisbon for Constantinople. He left his son, Henry, to rule in his stead, and when on the march he received a false message to the effect that the Prince was dead. The tears ran down his beard, now no longer red, but silver-white ; then, turning to his army, he cried : "My son is dead, but Christ lives !* Forward !"

In due time Frederick crossed over to Asia in safety. Then he plunged into the salt and barren desert, and stormed a stronghold of the enemy with only a thousand

* The Crusaders' war-cries were : "Christ lives !" "The Cross !" and "It is the will of God!"

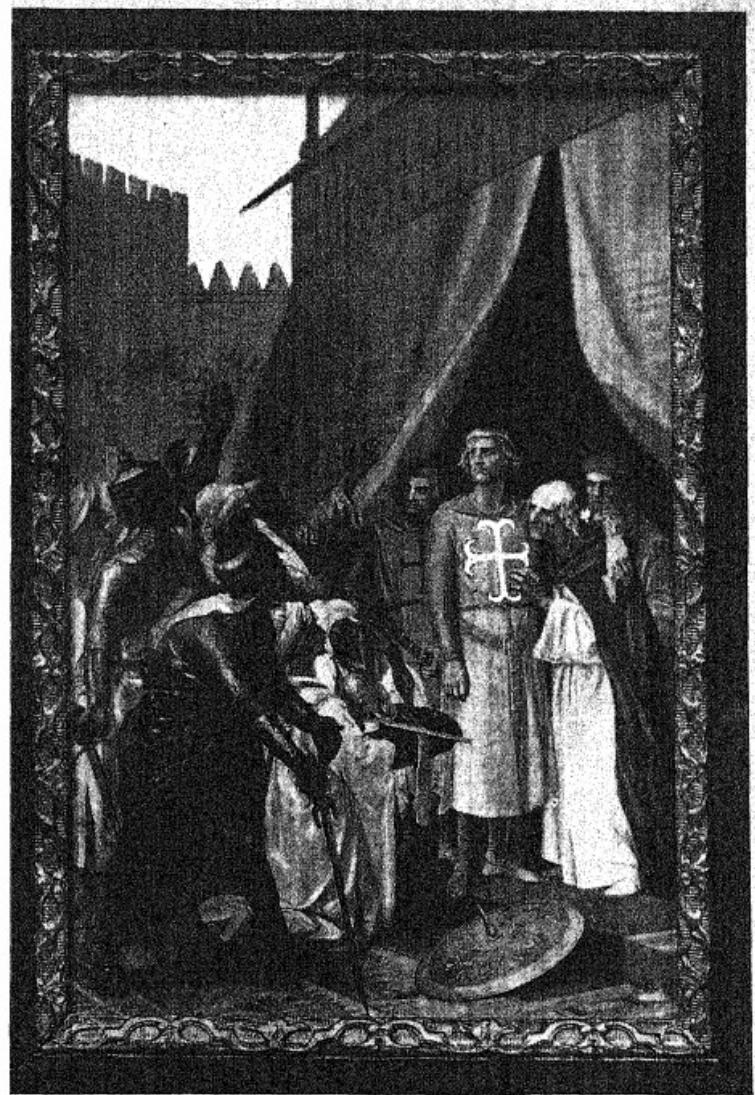
men. But while on the march to the South he is said to have been drowned in crossing a brook.

The mystery surrounding his death took root in the minds of the German peasantry, and before long they began to say, as the people of an earlier time had said of Charlemagne, that he was not dead, but that he would once more reappear when Germany was most in need of him. The famous writer Thomas Carlyle says of him :

"German tradition thinks he is not dead, but only sleeping until the world reaches its worst, when he will reappear. He sits within the hill near Salzburg yonder, says the peasantry, its fancy kindled by strange noises in that limestone hill from hidden waters, and by the grand rocky look of the place.

"A peasant once, stumbling into the interior, saw the Kaiser in his stone cavern. He sat at a marble table leaning on his elbow, winking, only half asleep. His beard had grown through the table, and streamed out upon the floor. He looked at the peasant one moment, asked him something about the time, then drooped his eyelids again. Not yet time, but will be soon ! He is winking as if to awake. To awake and set his shield aloft again with 'Ho, everyone that is suffering wrong, or that has strayed guideless and done wrong, which is yet more fatal.' "

One of the last of the great Crusaders was Louis IX., King of France, who for his goodness came to be known as St. Louis. He was by nature a lover of truth and justice, and he owed much also to a good mother. "Know, my son," she would say to him, "that though



KING LOUIS OF FRANCE OFFERED THE LEADERSHIP OF THE MAHOMETANS.
(From the painting by Courbet. Levy, Photo.)

I am devoted to you with a mother's love, I would rather see you dead before me than guilty of grievous sin."

After ages loved to tell how he sat as the just and merciful judge of his people under a great oak at Vincennes, a suburb of Paris. He did his best to put down the private wars of the time. And he set up a court of justice, known as the Parliament of Paris, to which all men might bring their complaints.

This court was founded only a few years before the meeting of the Parliament called together by Simon de Montfort in England. But while the English Parliament was a law-making assembly, that of Louis had only the duty of carrying out the laws already made. France was to wait for many long centuries before she obtained a Parliament like ours, and was then to win it only by blood and tears.

During a severe illness King Louis vowed to set out on a Crusade should he be restored to health. When he got better he planned the sixth Crusade, sailed for Egypt, took Damietta, and advanced on Cairo. Later, however, he was defeated by the forces of the Sultan, became a prisoner, and a heavy ransom was demanded for his release.

While the King was a captive the bodyguard of the Sultan rose against him, and put him to death. Then the leaders of the assassins sought out the captive King and offered him the sword, helmet, and belt of their leader, so great was the hold that his virtues and bravery had taken upon the minds of these fierce warriors. But Louis was a soldier of the Cross, and

not of the Crescent, and he refused the offer. Then the ransom was paid, and the King left the country for his own kingdom.

After sixteen years of wise and firm government, Louis set out on the seventh Crusade. He was joined by Prince Edward,* the son of Henry III. of England, and by a great number of English nobles. Wishing to convert the King of Tunis, Louis landed on the coast of Africa, where he died while engaged in a siege. Prince Edward, however, pushed on to the Holy Land and advanced as far as Nazareth, where he concluded a treaty with the Saracens which gave several advantages to the Christians.

The Prince had with him his wife, who afterwards became Queen Eleanor of England, and who on this campaign is said to have saved her husband's life by sucking the poison from a wound made by the dagger of an assassin. Tennyson speaks of this Princess as

“ Her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who, kneeling with one arm about her King,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath
Sweet as new buds in spring.”

* In our attempt to give the account of the Crusaders as a single story, we have anticipated the course of events in England, which are dealt with in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.—ENGLAND AS A CONTINENTAL POWER.

UNDER the Norman Kings England was a European Power closely concerned in all that was going on in Western Europe. When the Conqueror lay dying he said that his son Robert was to have Normandy, as he had promised it to him, while William Rufus was to have England. Thus it seemed as if upon his death England was to become once more an island nation. But when Robert wished to go to the Crusades he gave up certain rights over his duchy in return for money paid to him by Rufus.

William the Red was killed while hunting in the New Forest, and his brother became King as Henry I. Robert came home, and of course wished to take up once more the rule of his duchy, as well as to become King of England. So brother went to war with brother, and at the Battle of Tinchebrai, in Normandy, Robert was beaten and taken prisoner. Henry now ruled over both England and Normandy, as his father, the Conqueror, had done.

His son William was drowned in the foundering of the *White Ship*, after which event, the story goes, the King never smiled again. He wished that his daughter Matilda should be ruler of England and Normandy after him, but a nobleman named Stephen was chosen, and during his short reign there was great disorder and misery in the country.

“Some of the unruly barons,” says an early writer,

" did what was right in their own eyes, but many did what they knew to be wrong all the more readily now that they knew that the fear of the law and the King was taken away. The barons made the wretched people work at their castles. They took, by night and by day, those whom they thought to have any goods ; seizing both men and women, they put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable. Many thousands they killed with hunger. Then was corn dear, and cheese and butter, for there was none in the land. Wretched men died with hunger. Some lived on alms who before were rich, some fled the country. Never was more misery, and never acted heathens worse than these. . . . Men said openly that Christ slept and His saints."

When Stephen died the son of Matilda became King as Henry II. He was really a French Prince who had a dependency known as England on the other side of the Channel. Let us note carefully the extent of his dominions.

Roughly speaking, he was master of the whole of the western part of France from the Channel to the Pyrenees. Some of this land he had from his father, some from his mother, some from his wife, who was a Princess of Southern France. He was also, of course, King of England, though not of Wales, and he called himself Lord of Ireland. Yet in the reign of his own son John nearly all these lands in France became separated from the English Crown, and we must now try to see how this came to pass.

Henry II. died after an eventful reign, and his son

Richard Cœur de Lion became King in his stead. He was nothing but a soldier, brave indeed, but fond of pomp and glory, fine clothes and display. He spent most of his time either in the Holy Land or in fighting against the French King Philip. We do not even know whether he was able to speak the English tongue. When he became King, Brittany, in the North-West of France, passed to his nephew, the young Prince Arthur, of whom we shall hear more presently.

The King of France wished very much to win Normandy from Richard, and add it to his own dominions. So the English King set up a great castle on the Seine, to which he gave the name of Château Gaillard, or Saucy Castle. It was a splendid fortress, perched upon a high rock, and it was built within a year. "How pretty a child is mine!" cried Richard as he looked at it when it was finished—"this child of one year old!" Philip was very angry when he saw it, and declared, "I will take it, were its walls of iron." When this was reported to Richard he cried gaily, "And I will hold it, were its walls of butter."

The English King received his death-wound while besieging a castle in France. He was succeeded by his brother John, of whose cruelty and misrule we have all read. We know, too, how the barons of England forced him to consent to the Great Charter, which secured for the people certain rights of just government. But we are here chiefly concerned with John's dealings with the King of France.

The French lands of the English King were attacked by the King of France, and by Arthur of Brittany,

who appears as a little boy in Shakespeare's play of *King John*. The young Prince fell into his uncle's hands, and was taken to Rouen. His fate is shrouded in mystery, but at the time nearly everyone believed that he had been murdered by the command of King John. Some even said that the King had put him to death with his own hands.

This event turned the hearts of the barons of Normandy against the English King, and when Philip of France marched into the duchy they went over one by one to his banner. Thus, without a struggle, the duchy of Normandy was separated from the kingdom of England, and for ever. This happened about ten years before the Great Charter was granted to the barons.

In the hope of winning Normandy back again, John joined his forces to those of the Emperor and the Count of Flanders, whose lands lay to the north-east of France. Philip gathered an immense army of barons, bishops, and knights, as well as foot-soldiers, and met the allies at Bouvines, near Lille, in the North of France. There a desperate battle was fought, in which the French King gained the victory. After this great struggle John gave up all hopes of getting back Normandy and certain other lands of which Philip now took possession. John now held only a portion of the South of France.

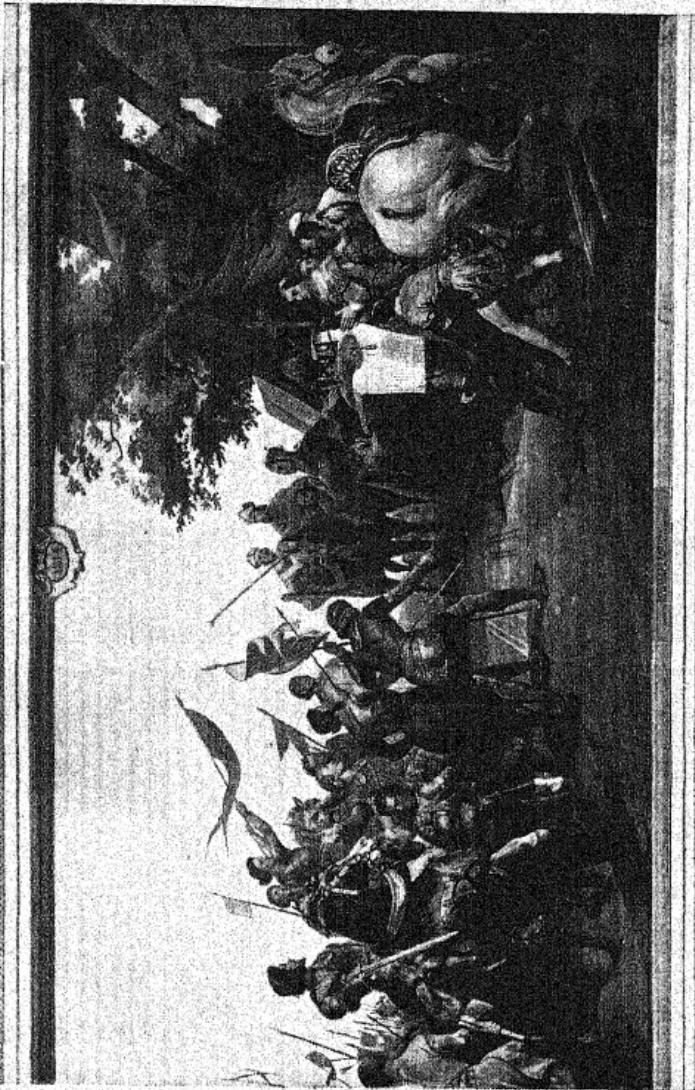
We see, then, how England and France once more drew apart, and how the Channel became the barrier that Nature intended it to be. The loss of Normandy and other parts of France made the barons of England

very angry. But it was really a good day for the English when these French provinces ceased to belong to their Kings. From that time England became all-important to them, instead of being only part of their dominions.

Those barons who held lands on both sides of the Channel had to choose between them. Some went to Normandy, and cast in their lot with the French ; others stayed in England, and began to look upon themselves, not as Normans, but as Englishmen. So after a long time of misery and humiliation, the English nation was stronger than ever.

Two years after the Battle of Bouvines King John died. At the time a French army under Louis the Dauphin was in England, and engaged in helping the barons in their struggle with the King. But as soon as John passed away many of the barons, who did not wish to have a French King, rallied round the son of John, who was made King as Henry III. Then the new King's party fought and beat the French Prince near Lincoln, and defeated his fleet off Dover. The Dauphin went back to France, and England was left to work out her own destiny.

For a long time after this she was chiefly concerned with her own home affairs. The English Parliament was set up just fifty years after the sealing of Magna Charta. Then Edward I., the Crusader, came to the throne, and spent the greater part of his reign in trying to conquer Wales, and in earning the name which is engraved upon his tombstone in Westminster Abbey—“the hammer of the Scots.”



THE BATTLE OF BOUVINES.

(From the painting by H. Vernet. Newdean, Photo.)

Then came his son Edward II., who was as weak and foolish as his father was strong and wise. After a short reign, which brought little good to England, he was followed by Edward III.; and in the reign of this monarch our history has rather more to do with that of Western Europe. Meanwhile we must note what had been happening on the Continent.

CHAPTER XIV.—WORLD DOMINION AND NATIONALITY.

WE have already spoken of the position taken by the Popes of Rome with regard to the Empire. At the time of the crowning of Charlemagne the idea in the minds of the people was that the Emperor was to be the temporal and the Pope the spiritual head of the world.

Charlemagne died, and his empire was broken up. Out of the divisions we can trace the beginnings of some of the modern nations of Europe. Never again was any single monarch to be lord of the world. The separate nations were to work out their destiny side by side, each under its own ruler. But the Pope did not give up his claim to rule the world as its spiritual head; and for a long time the warring nations of Europe were united in some degree by their reverence for, and obedience to, the Bishop of Rome.

One of the greatest of the Popes, known as Gregory VII., wrote to William the Conqueror a letter in which he compared his own power to that of the sun,

and the power of a King such as William himself to that of the moon. And at a later date he puts the claim of the Popes in very plain language :

"The Popes of Rome are able on earth, according to the merits of each man, to give and take away empires, kingdoms, princedoms, marquisates, duchies, countships, and the possessions of all men." Such a claim as this was bound in time to come into conflict with the ideas of the peoples and rulers of Europe, and a great deal of the history of Europe centres round about it.

Before long Gregory's claim brought about a quarrel between himself and the ruler of Germany, Henry IV. This King sent a messenger to Rome urging the people to drive the Pope from the city. It was only by the intervention of the Pope himself that this messenger was saved from a speedy and violent death. Then Gregory sent a message to Henry, in his turn, cutting him off altogether from the Church and from the company of Christians.

This filled the King with a panic of fear. He made up his mind to set out at once for Italy and humbly beg for pardon from the Pope. The journey across the Alps was undertaken in the depth of a very severe winter. The King set out in secret, taking with him his wife, Bertha, his little son, and one faithful knight. "They travelled," writes a historian, "over the St. Bernard Pass, and Bertha, whom neither danger nor distress could separate from her husband, was drawn over the ice seated on an ox-hide, whilst the King scrambled among the rocks like a chamois-hunter."

Gregory was at that time staying at the castle of Canossa, in the North of Italy, and thither went the King of the Germans to beg humbly that the Pope would pardon him. The latter did not yield too readily. The King was admitted alone into an inner court of the castle, and three days in succession he remained from morning till evening, dressed only in a woollen shirt, and with naked feet, while Gregory refused to admit him to his presence. On the fourth day he obtained pardon.

After some years the German King was able to avenge himself on Pope Gregory. He marched into Italy with a large army and laid siege to Rome. The Pope fled, and Henry appointed another, who crowned him as Emperor in St. Peter's. But the striking scene at the gate of the castle of Canossa ought to fix forcibly in our minds the power of the Pope in those early times.

We have another example in the history of our own land. King John quarrelled with the Pope of his time about the appointment of an Archbishop of Canterbury. When the King refused to appoint the man the Pope had chosen, England was laid under an *Interdict*—that is, all the clergy were forbidden to perform the services of the Church.

This did not bring King John to the Pope's way of thinking, so the latter went one step further and cut off the English King from the Church altogether. He also bade Philip of France to lead an army against John, the enemy of the Church and of all Christians. After this the King gave in, and he even went so far

as to give up his crown to the Pope's messenger and receive it again as a gift from his hands.

As time went on, however, we find the various nations making a stand against the claim of the Pope to interfere in their home government. They still looked up to him as the venerated Head of the Church, but the idea began to take firm root that each nation should manage its own temporal affairs.

In the time of our Edward I. there was a King in France named Philip the Fair. This monarch had a quarrel with the Pope, who is said to have sent to him a message which ran : " Boniface, the Pope, to Philip the Fair, greeting : Know, O supreme Prince, that thou art subject to us in all things." According to the story, Philip's reply was : " Philip to Boniface, little or no greeting : Be it known to thee that we are subject to no man in political matters. Those who think otherwise we count to be fools and madmen."

Whether the French King actually sent this answer to the Pope is said to be doubtful ; but it shows his ideas on the interference of any outside person in the affairs of his kingdom. He meant to rule France himself.

This same King was also very desirous of taking from the King of England those lands which he still held in France ; so he did his best to pick a quarrel with Edward I. He summoned him to Paris to do homage for the lands which he held on the French side of the Channel.

Edward, known as Longshanks, had also, as Carlyle puts it, " a head of tolerable good length." He was

busy with the conquest of Wales, and wished also to conquer Scotland. At the moment he had no desire to go to war with the French King also. So he went to Paris, and, kneeling before Philip, repeated the oath required of him : “ I become your liege-man for the lands I hold of you this side the sea, according to the terms of peace which were made between our ancestors.”

But not long afterwards Philip picked a quarrel with Edward, and the English King made an alliance with the Count of Flanders, who ruled the lands now under the King of the Belgians. A great battle was fought near the Flemish town of Courtrai.

“ On one side,” writes a historian, “ was the flower of the French chivalry, clad in full armour and mounted on powerful horses ; on the other the cloth-weavers of Flanders, clad in their leather jackets. The townsmen prepared themselves for action by holding a religious service, and then took up their position behind a narrow but deep canal. When the word was given Philip’s troops raised the shout, “ God and St. Denis !” and, driving their spurs deep into their horses’ flanks, they charged at full speed across the plain. Their headlong haste and the dense cloud of dust which they raised prevented their seeing the fatal ditch. Into it they madly plunged, and in a moment the muddy waters of the canal were filled with a struggling, helpless, drowning mass of men and horses.

“ As fast as the French tried to climb the steep and slippery banks, the Flemings knocked them on the head like cattle, or pushed them back to sink under the



EDWARD KING OF ENGLAND
LORD OF IRELAND & DUKE OF AQUITTAINE

EDWARD THE FIRST.

weight of their heavy armour. When the slaughter was over the victors collected over four thousand gilt spurs, and hung them as trophies in Courtrai Cathedral."

It was Philip of France who called Edward I. in scorn "the royal wool merchant" because of his dealings with these Flemish weavers. But Edward cared little for this so long as the trade with the weavers brought him plenty of money to carry out his idea of making the whole of the British Isles into one kingdom.

Philip, bad as he was—a great poet has called him "the pest of France"—was also in his own way working for the same idea : the formation of a united kingdom. So were other Princes of Europe at the same time. The old notion of world-empire was now only an idea ; it had gone down before the idea that each group of people who spoke one language and lived in one more or less well-defined portion of the Continent was to form a separate and distinct nation.

CHAPTER XV.—THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.—I.

AFTER Edward Longshanks came Edward II., whose wife was the daughter of Philip the Fair. She is spoken of by one of our poets as the "she-wolf of France," and certainly there is little good to be said of her, or, indeed, of her husband. When his unhappy reign was over England entered upon the heroic time of Edward III.

Ten years after he came to the throne this King began the great struggle with France which is known in history as the Hundred Years' War. This contest was not continuous, for fighting was not going on during the whole time ; but for about a century there was no lasting peace between the two countries. The English King was not fighting merely to win back the lands that King John had lost. As the grandson of Philip the Fair, he claimed to be King of France as well as King of England.

It was, as we have said, a heroic time in our history, this Hundred Years' War—the time of Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, of Edward III., the Black Prince, and Henry V. It was the latter half of the time known as the Age of Chivalry—that is, the age of the *chevaliers* or horsemen, or knights who were supposed to “ride abroad redressing human wrongs,” and who had vowed to protect the Church, the widow and the orphan, the poor and the oppressed.

When we think of the great names mentioned above, we are apt to think that the Hundred Years' War was a long course of English victories, and that in the end the French were beaten ; but this was not so. At the beginning of the contest the English King held large possessions in France ; when it ended only the town of Calais was English. Besides, there were on the side opposed to us heroes as brave and noble as any of our own, and in this chapter we propose to think rather more of our heroic foes than of our own brave knights and soldiers.

Let us remember as we read what the Hundred Years'

War did for France and England. It was not a mere empty struggle for glory. When it was over England was driven back beyond the Channel, and reminded once more that she was destined to be an island nation and not a continental power. And the effect of the war on France was to knit together the several parts of the kingdom into one compact whole. Hitherto she had been divided, to her own great loss. "Before the war each man was a citizen of a particular city, and nothing more; but, brought face to face with the English, the feeling of nationality was aroused, and henceforth each felt himself a Frenchman or citizen of France."

So the Hundred Years' War, cruel as it was, helped largely in the formation of two of the foremost European nations. Many great events happened in other parts of Europe while it was going on, but we shall for the moment pass them over to consider some of the phases of this great struggle together.

The Battle of Crecy was, of course, a great victory for the English King, Edward III., and his brave son, the Black Prince. But there were heroes on the other side also. King Philip of France was helped by a body of German knights under the blind King John of Bohemia and his son Charles. The latter had recently been chosen Emperor by the Pope, and had come to seek the help of the French King in securing the crown of Germany; for the German people had refused to recognise the right of the Pope to choose a King for them.

"The valiant King of Bohemia," writes a historian of the time, "having heard the order for the battle,

asked where his son, the Lord Charles, was ; his attendants answered that they did not know, but that they believed he was fighting. Upon this he said to them : ‘ Gentlemen, you are all my people, my friends and brethren at arms this day ; therefore, as I am blind, I ask of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike one stroke with my sword.’

“ The knights consented, and, in order that they might not lose him in the crowd, fastened all the reins of their horses together, placing the King at their head that he might gratify his wish, and in this manner advanced towards the enemy. . . . The King rode in among the enemy, and he and his companions fought most valiantly ; however, they advanced so far that they were all slain, and on the morrow they were found on the ground with all their horses tied together.”

In the story of the siege of Calais most of the credit is on the side of the French. The people of the town kept the English King out for a year, and when at last they were starved into surrender Edward demanded that six of the chief citizens should bring him the keys of the city, and then submit to his will. Saint Pierre, the richest man in Calais, offered to be the first of the six. Five others quickly joined him, and, with halters round their necks, they entered the English camp. Edward ordered them to instant death, but Queen Philippa, who had just come to him, fell on her knees, and begged so piteously that they might be spared that the angry King relented and set them free.

Shortly after this time the great plague known as the Black Death broke out in Western Europe. So fatal

were its effects that for two whole years the chief work of the nations was burying their dead. When the war was resumed a few years later, France was under a new ruler, King John, whom the Black Prince met upon the field of Poictiers.

As at Crecy, the English bowmen won the day. King John was forced to surrender. He had sworn before the fight began to wipe out the memory of Crecy, but instead of this he and an army twice as large as that under the Black Prince became prisoners of war.

The King was kindly treated by the Prince, and taken to London. The defeat greatly enraged the French peasants, who rose in rebellion against their rulers. In the North and West of France they put to death everyone not belonging to their own order on whom they could lay their hands, burnt castles and manor-houses, and sacked towns and villages. They were suppressed with great difficulty, and hundreds of them were slaughtered without mercy.

About this time gunpowder and cannon began to be used in fighting. At Crecy, we are told by an old writer, cannon were used, which "with fire and a noise like God's thunder threw little balls to frighten the horses." At first little attention was paid to the new method of fighting, and people did not for a long time realize what a great change was taking place.

The steel-clad warrior was soon to be out of date. The foot-soldier with his hand-gun became more than the equal of the knight with sword and lance. Coats of mail and richly-decorated shields were before long to be hung up as useless in castles and churches. The



SURRENDER OF A TOWN TO A BESIEGING ARMY.

strong castle was no longer proof against the assaults of an enemy armed with powder and shot.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE CID AND THE MOORS OF SPAIN.

WE have already spoken of the Moors who came over from North Africa and founded a kingdom in the south of the Spanish Peninsula. Before they came the land of Spain was in the hands of the Goths, who were, as you may remember, of the same race as the Franks.

The King of the Goths was named Roderick, and he held his Court at the city of Toledo. This monarch offended one of his chief officers, who turned traitor and sent a message to the leader of the Moors offering to help him in an invasion of the kingdom.

So the Moorish leader sent a small company from Tangier to spy out the land. The messengers found that many of the Goths in Spain were ready to rise against their King, and that the cities of the kingdom were large and wealthy. When they returned to Africa a force was at once got ready.

It was placed under the command of a chief named Tarik. He crossed the narrow straits between Spain and Africa, and landed on the rock which now bears the name of Gibraltar—that is, Gebel-el-Tarik, or the Mount of Tarik. Roderick, the Gothic King, was at once told of the arrival of the Moors, and got together a great army. Near the town of Xeres he met the force under Tarik.

The Moors were greatly outnumbered, but the Goths were not really so formidable as they appeared to be. Their King was not like the brave Gothic leaders

in war of an earlier time. He came upon the field of battle wearing on his head a diadem of pearls, wrapped in a flowing robe of gold and silken fabrics, and reclining on a litter or car of ivory, drawn by two white mules.

There was, as we have seen, discontent among his own soldiers and officers, and it was this which in the end brought defeat upon the Goths. At first, however, the battle went well for them, and thousands of their enemies were slain, while the rest were only kept from flying by the bravery of Tarik.

"My brethren," he cried, "the enemy is before you, the sea is behind. Whither would we fly? Follow your general. I am resolved either to lose my life or to trample on the prostrate King of the Goths." His words roused the spirit of his men, who held out bravely until at last a large body of the Goths came over to their side and the fight was ended. Roderick mounted his fleetest horse and fled to the northward. He was never seen again, though his diadem, his robe, and his horse were found on the bank of the Guadaluquivir.

Tarik pushed on to Toledo, and before long the power of the Moors was firmly fixed in the Spanish Peninsula. After a time they tried to extend their conquests beyond the Pyrenees, and were checked by the heroic Frank, Charles Martel, as we have already read. After this they fell back, but they kept their hold upon the greater part of Spain. Charlemagne fought with them, as we have seen, but he did not add their Spanish dominions to his great Empire.

The Moors were followers of Mahomet, and as time went on there arose a great struggle between the Christian Princes of the North of Spain and the Moors of the South. It was a contest very like that which was waged at the other end of the Mediterranean between the Crescent and the Cross.

Little by little the followers of the Prophet were driven southward, and in the time of William the Conqueror they held only the south-eastern corner of the Peninsula, which formed the kingdom of Granada. Among the heroes of the great struggle was the Cid, or Seid, or Signior, of whom stories are told which remind us of those about our King Arthur and other early heroes.

In the “Poem of the Cid” and the “Chronicle of the Cid” he is described as a brave knight and leader, who rides a wonderful horse, wears an enchanted sword, and by the might of his terrible arm works miracles of strength and skill in battle with the Moors. The real Cid of history was a Prince of the Spanish province or kingdom of Castile, and sober history gives no very favourable account of him.

He spent his life in fierce warfare with the Moors, however, and deserves the credit of having helped to found the kingdom of Spain.

When he died the Moors had been driven beyond a line drawn roughly from Valencia to Lisbon. In the North of Spain the two chief States were Castile and Aragon, of which we shall hear again.

The Black Prince saw some fighting in the Spanish Peninsula. Pedro, surnamed the Cruel, who was King

of Castile, was driven from his throne by his brother Henry, and went to France to ask for the help of Edward, Prince of Wales. At once a great expedition was prepared, and, with the Prince at its head, made its way into Spain by way of the Pass of Roncesvalles, of which we have already heard.

Not far from Vittoria the Prince was told that King Henry was not far away. "When the Prince understood these tidings," writes an old historian, "he caused his trumpets to sound, and cried alarm right through all his host. And when every man heard that, then they drew to their order and array, and ranged them in battle ready to fight, for every man knew what he should do, and what order to take, and these things he did without hindrance."

"There might have been seen great nobleness, and banners and pennons beaten with arms waving in the wind. What should I say more? It was great nobleness to behold!" The battle, however, did not take place until some time later, when a famous French captain named Sir Bertrand du Guesclin had come to the help of King Henry.

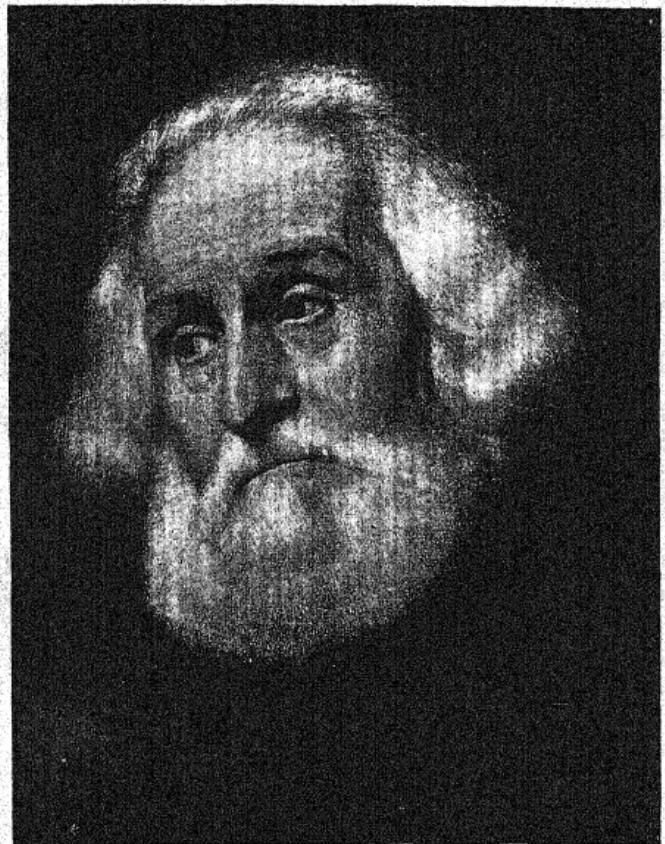
"This was a marvellous dangerous battle," writes the same historian, "and many a man was slain and sore hurt. The commons of Spain, according to the usage of their country, with their slings did cast stones with great violence, and did much hurt, the which at the beginning troubled greatly the Englishmen; but when their cast was past, and the Spaniards felt the sharp arrows, they could no longer keep their array."

The victory fell to the Black Prince, and among the

prisoners taken was the renowned du Guesclin, of whom the following story is told : “ Now it happened that one day, when the Black Prince was at Bordeaux, he called Sir Bertrand to him and asked how he was. ‘ My lord,’ he replied, ‘ I never was better. Indeed, I cannot be otherwise than well, for I am, though in prison, the most honoured knight in the world.’ ‘ How so ?’ rejoined the Prince. ‘ Why, they say in France,’ answered Sir Bertrand, ‘ that you are so much afraid of me that you dare not set me free, and for this reason I think myself so much valued and honoured.’ ‘ What, Sir Bertrand !’ said the Prince, ‘ do you imagine that we keep you a prisoner for fear of you ? By St. George ! it is not so, for, my good sir, if you will pay me one hundred thousand frances you shall be free at once.’ Sir Bertrand was anxious for liberty, and by this scheme obtained it, for in less than a month the money was provided by the King of France.”

CHAPTER XVII.—MARCO POLO—DANTE—GIOTTO.

We saw in Chapter IX. how Germany and Italy were linked together under the rule of the Emperor, and how this union of the two countries was a bad thing for both. The Emperor had as a rule little real hold upon Italy. It would have been better for Germany and better for Italy if men had looked upon the Alps as a dividing line between the two separate nations. Italy was split up into a number of States, many of



MARCO POLO, THE VENETIAN.

(From the painting by Titian. Anderson, Photo.)

which owned the Emperor as their overlord, but his power over them was scarcely worth the name. In the time of Frederick of the Red Beard there were in the North of Italy about two hundred cities, each of which was within the Empire, but free to govern itself by its own laws.

Many of these cities were very wealthy, being the homes of merchants who had made great riches by trading with the East. In each of them there were as a rule two parties, one made up of those who wished to increase the power of the Emperor, another composed of friends of the Pope. And continual struggles went on between these two parties.

We are not here concerned with these petty quarrels, which took up almost the whole of the time of the nobles in these cities, and led also to much misery and bloodshed. Many famous men whose names are now known all over the world hailed from these cities. For the merchants spent a great deal of their wealth in employing painters, sculptors, and architects, whose works have made such cities as Venice, Florence, Milan, Genoa, Pisa, and Padua, the wonder and the admiration of the whole world. They also gave encouragement to explorers, poets, and prose-writers, who have made a great name for themselves in history.

Venice was one of the most wealthy of these cities, owing to its position, which gave it command of the routes to the East. The city owned large tracts of land round the Adriatic, and this sea was looked upon as belonging to the Venetians, as its other name of Gulf of Venice reminds us to this day. Every year

the Doge or Duke of Venice went in a splendid State-barge out upon the waters of the Adriatic and threw a ring into the sea as a token that it was wedded to the great city.

During the reign of our Henry III. there set out from Venice a small party of travellers, who made a journey across Asia to the city now known as Pekin. One of these was Marco Polo, "a wise and noble citizen of Venice," who afterwards caused an account of his travels to be set down in writing, in which he gives an account of the "many wonders" which he saw in the lands of Central Asia.

Pekin was at that time the capital of Kublai-khan, the Mongol or Tartar Emperor. Marco Polo tells how the travellers found him in his summer retreat near the city, enjoying "King's weather," for his magicians had been bidden to disperse all fogs, and to prevent any fall of rain while their royal master was living in his summer palace.

"And you must know," writes Marco Polo, "that these men work the wonder I am about to relate. When the great Khan is seated at dinner in the principal dining-hall, the table of which is eight cubits in length, and the cups are on the floor ten paces from the table, filled with wine, milk, and other good beverages, these clever magicians by their arts make these cups rise by themselves, and without anyone touching them they are placed before the great Khan."

There are many other things in Marco Polo's "Travels" which, if not quite so wonderful, are nearer to the truth, and quite as interesting. We

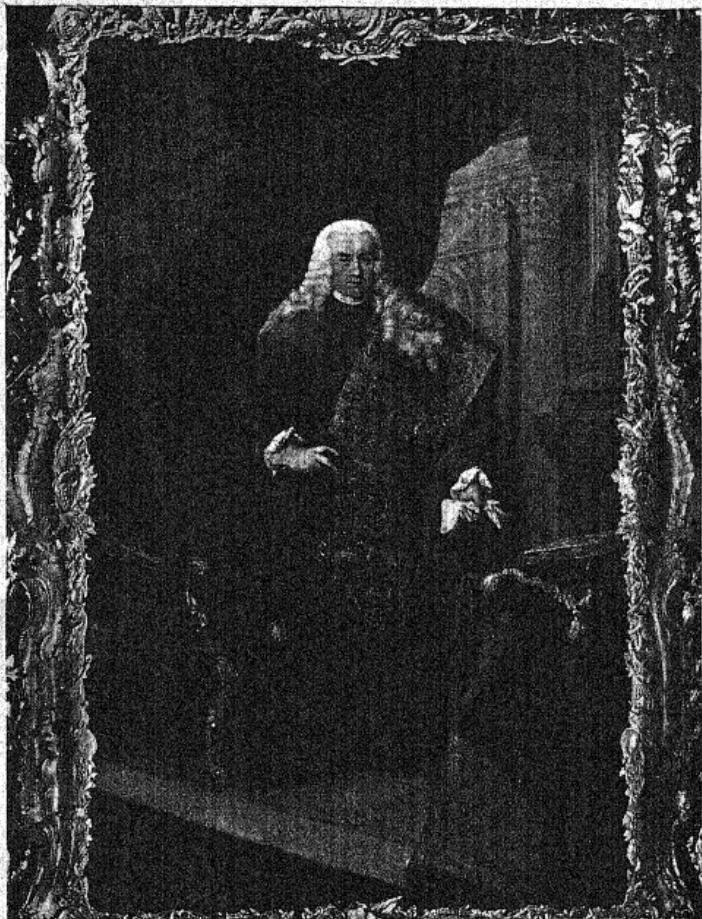
can imagine with what a greedy ear the people of the West would listen to these travellers' tales of the Far East. The journey of Marco Polo enlarged the world for them. No longer was the Mediterranean Sea the centre of the universe.

The early history of Florence is full of names of eminence, and among the rest the name of the great poet Dante shines with the brightest lustre. He was born in this city in 1265—the year of Simon de Montfort's Parliament—and as a young man he took part in the faction fights of Florence. In one of these struggles he was driven into exile, and the latter years of his life were very unhappy.

He found a poor kind of refuge in the house of a noble of Ravenna, where he wrote the greater part of the "Divine Comedy," the first great work of modern European literature. It tells of his visionary visit to other worlds than ours, and of what he saw there, and, like John Milton's great poem, "Paradise Lost," deals with "things invisible to mortal sight."

The poet loved the daughter of a Florentine, the beautiful Beatrice who appears in his poem, and who was enshrined in the poet's heart as his ideal woman. He has made her name and memory as immortal as his own.

There has been handed down to us a portrait of Dante said to have been painted by his artist-friend Giotto. This famous painter spent his early years as a simple shepherd boy in the mountain fields outside the city of Florence. It is said that he was one day discovered by a great Italian painter making a drawing



A DOGE OF VENICE.

(From the painting by Longhi. Naya, Photo.)

of a sheep with a piece of stone upon a rock. The painter saw in the rough work of the shepherd boy the mark of genius, and took him away to be taught and trained.

So Giotto became a famous painter and sculptor, and has left in several towns of Italy works of art which show his wonderful power with brush and chisel. A chronicler of the time tells the following story of the great artist.

"One day a messenger came to the painter from the Pope for specimens of his work. Giotto took a piece of canvas and putting his arm close to his side, to make it like a compass, drew with a brush full of red colour in one turn of his wrist a circle so round and so perfect in outline that it was a marvel to see. This done, he said to the messenger, 'Here is the drawing.' 'Am I to have nothing but this?' asked the other. 'That is enough,' said the painter. 'Send it with the others, and it will be understood.' "

This was the famous O of Giotto. It is said that the Pope was quick enough to understand the painter's meaning, and employed him in some of the work which he had in view when he sent out his messenger.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR—II.

THE loss of the Battle of Poictiers was one of the causes which led to the rising of the French peasants of which we read in Chapter XV. Not long after

Poictiers the English began to lose ground in France, and soon they held only Calais, Bordeaux, Bayonne, and a few other places. To meet the expenses of the French war the English King, Richard II., levied a poll-tax on his subjects in the first year of his reign; and this led to the rising of the English peasants under Wat Tyler, during which the young English King showed high qualities and raised hopes which were doomed to be disappointed.

After an unhappy reign Richard lost his throne, and his place was taken by his cousin, Henry of Lancaster. Near the end of this King's short reign France was plunged into the horrors of civil war. The King was a mere boy, and the government was carried on for him by the Duke of Burgundy. Soon there arose two parties in the land, one headed by the King's mother, and the other following the lead of the Duke of Burgundy. So fiercely did they hate each other that each side was ready to pay almost any price to crush its opponent.

They appealed to the new King of England, Henry V., and the party of Burgundy was ready to give him the crown of France if he would help them to destroy their enemies. The royal party offered him large portions of French territory, but, of course, were not willing to give him the crown. Henry, however, took neither side. He raised the old claim to the throne of France, and crossed the Channel prepared for war.

Then followed the siege and capture of Harfleur, and a little later the great Battle of Agincourt, the

story of which is one of the first we read in our English histories. After this great fight Henry set sail for home with a long train of noble prisoners. Two years later he came back, overran Normandy, and took Rouen. Then a treaty was signed by which Henry was to become King of France on the death of Charles VI., who was now insane. He was also to marry the Princess Catherine of France.

This marriage took place, and a son was born, who became at a later date Henry VI. of England, and was also crowned King of France in Paris. Thus France and England became for a time united under one monarch, but only for a time, and that, too, a time of dispute and war. The son of the late French King called himself Charles VII. of France, and remained in arms to enforce his claim.

But he was not able to make much headway until he gained a helper who is one of the most wonderful persons in the whole of history, ancient or modern. This was Joan of Arc.

She was living the life of a simple peasant girl in the village of Domrémy. Of a quiet and retiring nature, she loved the solitude of the forest near her home, where she took long walks alone, and mused as often as not upon the miseries of her unhappy country. Before long, as she afterwards told her judges, she began to see visions and to hear heavenly voices, which bade her rise and deliver the fair realm of France from the presence of a foreign King.

Soon she made up her mind, and in spite of entreaties and even threats on the part of her friends, she said



JOAN OF ARC TAKING A VOW.—W. ETTY, R.A.

that she must set out upon the mission to which Heaven had called her. "I must go to the King," she said, "even if I wear my limbs to the very knees. I would rather rest and spin by my mother's side, for this is no work of my choosing ; but I must go and do it, for my Lord wills it."

In time, after much difficulty, she made her way to Charles. "Gentle Dauphin," she said, "I am Jeanne the Maid. The Heavenly King sends me to tell you that you shall be anointed and crowned in Rheims." After a time she was given a command, and rode forth "as a warrior on a great war-horse, dressed all in white armour, save her head, which was bare, and with an axe in her hand." She carried a consecrated banner, and a sword marked with five crosses, which, it is said, was never stained with blood, for the Maid had a womanly horror of bloodshed, in spite of her bravery.

To the English at that time before Orleans she sent a messenger bidding them begone or she would "come and make them go." She kept her word, for in eight days the siege was raised, and the shepherd girl of Domrémy had won herself an everlasting name.

The Dauphin was now taken by the Maid across a country dotted with English camps to Rheims, and there, in the cathedral church, was crowned and anointed in the presence of the devoted girl. After the ceremony she wished to go home once more. "Would it were God's pleasure," she said, "that I might go and keep sheep again with my sisters and my brothers ! They would be glad to see me."

But Charles would not allow her to go away, and after further fighting she fell into the hands of the Burgundians, who sold her to the English for a large sum of money. She was tried at Rouen for witchcraft, and condemned to die by fire in the public square of that city. She met her death bravely. "Yes, my voices were of God," she exclaimed, as the flames wrapped her round ; "they have never deceived me."

Charles made no effort to rescue or ransom her, to his lasting disgrace. But the effect of her work lived on, knitting together the various divisions of France in an effort to drive out the foreign foe. Before long only Calais remained to the English, and the long war came to an end. France had lost money and lives in profusion, but she had found herself. From the time of the heroic Maid of Orleans we may date the beginning of modern France.

In the year following that which saw the end of the Hundred Years' War there began in England the struggle known as the Wars of the Roses. This went on for about thirty years, and was a time of great misery for England. It was not a national struggle, but one which was waged among certain great nobles as to who should wear the crown of England.

While it was going on a great event took place in the history of Europe and the history of the world which had nothing to do with wars and crowns. This was the invention of printing, of which we shall read in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

WE are not sure who invented the plan of printing from movable type. Some say that it was Laurence Coster, of Haarlem, in the Netherlands ; others that it was John Gutenberg, of Maintz, in Germany. The two men seem to have begun the work at about the same time, neither knowing what the other was doing. This was in the year following that which saw the death of Joan of Arc.

Before this time the work of multiplying copies of a book had been the task chiefly of the clergy, who were also illuminators and decorators, and adorned the pages of their books with careful drawings, some of them of rare beauty. In time there grew up a class of copyists or writers who made a living by this work, but most of these men were taught in the first place by the monks or clergy.

It was about the time of the first use of gunpowder in war that writers began to use paper instead of skins, which were very costly. At that time a single sheet of parchment, written in what was called the “black-letter” style, would cost about two shillings of our present money ; while a copy of the Bible, which can now be bought for sixpence or even less, would cost at least forty pounds. But the invention of printing changed all this, and we hear shortly of the printer producing work for sixty crowns for which the copyist would ask five hundred. At first the printer made wooden blocks, one for each page of the book. On

these blocks the letters were carved backwards, and the work of making them was very hard.

The difficulty of this work set Gutenberg thinking, and before long he devised the plan of using movable type, one piece for each letter. The town of Maintz was in 1462 taken and sacked by its own Archbishop in one of the frequent quarrels of the time. The printers were driven out, and some of them went to Haarlem, others to Strasburg, others to Rome. Then the knowledge of the invention was carried to Paris, to Flanders, and at last to our own country.

Our first printer was a man named William Caxton, who probably learnt his business at Bruges, in Flanders. He had spent the greater part of his life as a merchant, and had also learnt the art of copying. But he felt it to be tedious work. "My pen is soon worn," he writes, "my hand weary and not steadfast, mine eyes dimmed with overmuch looking on the white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to labour."

So he learnt how to print. Then he bought a press and set out for home. Having procured a workshop at Westminster, near the Abbey, he began the work of printing. He provided prayer-books for the priests, sermons for preachers, and "joyous and pleasant histories of chivalry" for the lords and ladies of London. He also printed the famous "Canterbury Tales" of the poet Geoffrey Chaucer.

The earliest printed books were curious productions. They had no capital letters, no title-pages, nor were the comma and semicolon used; words were also spelt as they were sounded—in fact, each writer pleased himself

with regard to his spelling, as some boys and girls do in school even to-day.

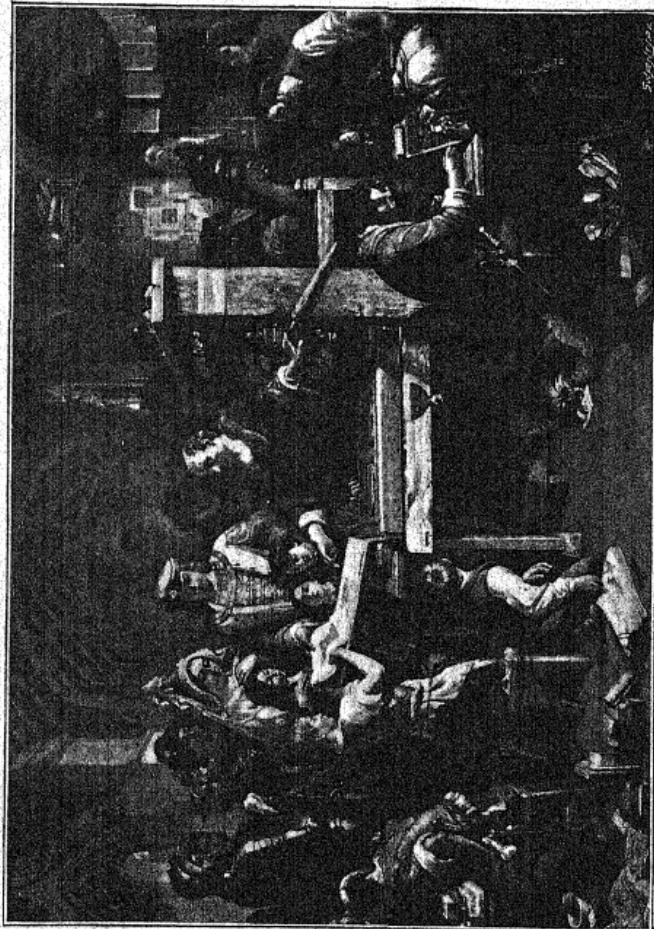
Caxton was not only a printer of other men's writings. Many of the books which he produced are translations made by himself from other languages. One of these was the book known as the "Æneid," which was written in Latin by the great poet Virgil, and which tells the story of the wanderings of Æneas in the Mediterranean and the founding of the great city of Rome.

Caxton had one great difficulty in his work which we find rather hard to understand at the present day. In his time the people of different parts of England used various words and expressions for even the commonest things, and it was not easy for an Englishman of one part to understand another from a different part of the country. Caxton himself tells a story which illustrates this very well :

" Common English that is spoken in one shire," he writes, " varies from another very much. It happened one day that certain merchants were in a ship in the Thames ready to sail over the sea to Zealand, and for lack of wind they tarried at Foreland, and went on shore to refresh themselves. And one of them, named Sheffield, a mercer, came into a house and asked for meat, and especially he asked for eggs. And the good wife answered that she could speak no French.

" Then the merchant was angry, for he could speak no French, and would have had eggs, but she understood him not. But at last another said he would have *eyren*. Then the good wife said she understood him well."

The copyists wrote as they had learned to speak in



CAXTON SHOWING HIS FIRST SPECIMEN TO EDWARD IV.—D. MAGUIRE, R.A.

5,000,000

their own districts. But when books were printed many of the differences of language began to disappear. There came into use among those who could read what was known as King's English—that is, book English, or the language of the educated man or woman. So that the first printers helped greatly to fix and form the English language.

More than this, they spread the light of knowledge among the people in all parts of the land. It would not be easy to set down all the changes in the life and habits of the people which have come about as the result of the introduction of printing. Caxton's motto was *Fiat Lux*—that is, “Let there be light.” When we think the matter over for a little, we see what a very fitting motto it was.

The art of printing was discovered at a time when it was greatly needed. Not long before Caxton set up his printing-press at Westminster a great change had taken place in the South-East of Europe. In our next chapter we shall see what this change was.

CHAPTER XX.—THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

ON the narrow channel by which ships enter the Black Sea stands the famous city of Constantinople, now the capital of the Empire ruled over by the Sultan of Turkey. As far as its outward appearance is concerned one might say of the city as the psalmist said of Jerusalem, that it is “beautiful for situation, the joy of the

whole earth." But the streets of the city at the present day are narrow and dirty, while the only scavengers are the large numbers of dogs which prowl about and devour the garbage with which the place is littered.

Yet Constantinople—or Stamboul, as the Turks call it, meaning thereby "*the city*"—has occupied a great place in history and in the world. Part of its site was once occupied by the ancient city of Byzantium, which was built by colonists from Greece some seven hundred years before Christ was born.

Then, as we have already seen, the Roman Emperor Constantine began in 328 A.D. to erect a new city. He intended to call it, when completed, by the name of New Rome, and to make it the centre and capital of the eastern part of the Roman Empire, as well as a bulwark against the wild races of Central Asia. But it came to be called "the city of Constantine," or Constantinople; and by this name it has been known to Western Europe ever since.

The name of the city is Greek, and the people over whom the Emperors at Constantinople ruled were mostly Greeks too. After the fall of Rome, the city became the centre of what is known as the Byzantine Empire, from the old name of Constantinople; and for nearly a thousand years there was an Eastern Emperor who ruled in this city.

During this long period Constantinople did actually keep at bay the hordes of wild Asiatic peoples, and gave Western Europe a chance of advancing in civilization. But the city had often to suffer from the attacks of

these fierce races, and at last it was fated to fall into the hands of the Turks, the race against which the Christian warriors of Europe fought in the Crusades.

The city was surrounded by the Sultan Mohammed II. in the spring of the year 1453, during the reign of our Henry VI. and at the close of the Hundred Years' War. The army of the Turks numbered about two hundred thousand, and was well trained and well disciplined. The people of Constantinople were divided amongst themselves, and felt quite sure that the "infidels" would never be able to take the city. They were, however, mistaken.

The Sultan conducted the siege in person. He brought a number of galleys into the harbour, and also made strong assaults upon the landward wall. Before long a breach was made, and the Greeks were called upon to give up the city.

Their Emperor, who bore the honoured name of Constantine, refused, and four days later the place was carried by storm. Hundreds of Christians were slain and many prisoners were taken. The last of the Emperors fell fighting bravely in the breach which the Turks had made.

The cathedral church of St. Sophia became a mosque, which it has remained ever since. Thus the Turks gained the footing in Europe for which they had fought for hundreds of years. This was not only a check to civilization and progress in the south-eastern corner of Europe, it was the beginning of a time of misrule and misery in that part of the continent which has gone on to the present day. But there was one good result of

the capture of the city, and it is with this that we are concerned at the present time.

Within the walls of the city had been gathered together many men of great learning. They had in their possession large numbers of parchment manuscripts containing the works of the old Greek writers as well as of the saintly men who wrote not long after the establishment of Christianity, and who are known as the Fathers of the Church.

When the Turks drew near to the city it was no place for the scholars and their manuscripts, which were too priceless to be bought with gold. So many of them turned their faces westward, and set out for various parts of Europe, where they felt sure they would obtain a welcome.

Nor were they disappointed. Florence, the beautiful city on the Arno, gave a home to numbers of the wandering scholars and a safe resting-place to many of their precious manuscripts. This city became in its turn a resort for students from all parts of Europe eager to learn from the scholars of the East. Many of the exiles crossed the Alps, and made their homes in the university towns of Germany; and English scholars went to them for instruction, which they in their turn imparted to pupils in Oxford and elsewhere.

In Florence at the time the chief man was Lorenzo de Medici. He called himself Duke of the city, and by his splendour and luxury won for himself the title of "the Magnificent." He took great interest in the new learning brought from the East, and spent great sums of money on paintings and sculpture, as well as in

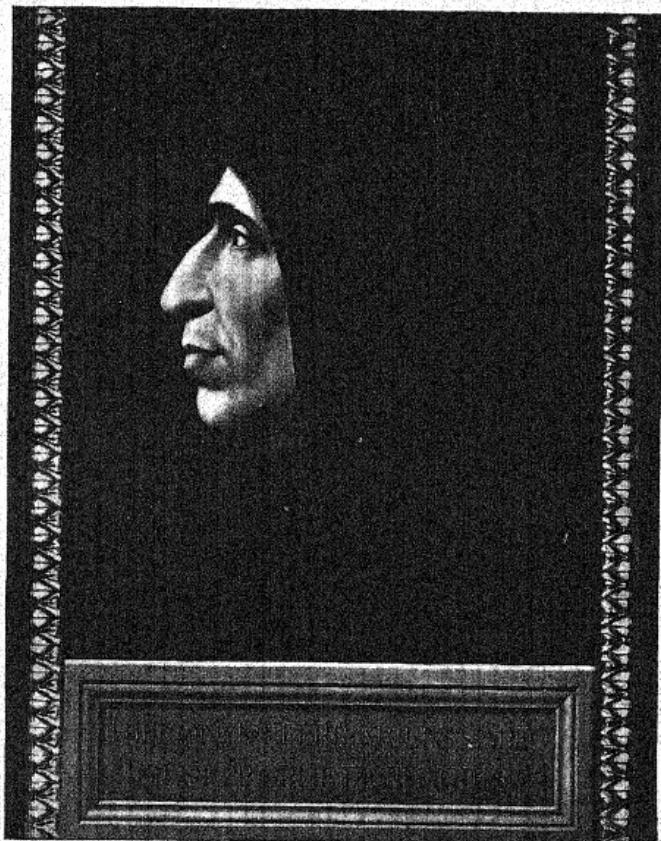
making payments to poets and prose-writers. But the people of Florence were his slaves, and flattered him in a most servile manner.

There was, however, one man in Florence who did not fear Lorenzo. This was Savonarola, the prior of a monastery in the city. He saw that Florence was lost in idle luxury, and that everywhere goodness was despised and wickedness honoured. People gave to learning the love and reverence which he said ought to have been given to religion only.

He began to preach in the cathedral, and fearlessly rebuked all the people in the city from Lorenzo downwards. Ruin and destruction, he said, were coming upon the city, and he bade the people bring their rich clothes, their jewels and works of art, and make a huge bonfire of them. In this way, perhaps, they might avert their doom. Many obeyed him, but Lorenzo treated the fiery preacher with amused contempt.

Before long, however, Lorenzo died, and the city fell for a time into the hands of the French. Then Savonarola became ruler of the city. New laws were passed. The women and young men threw aside their silks and jewels, and dressed very plainly. Every day the churches of the city were filled with worshippers, and the popular cry became, "Long live Jesus Christ our King!"

But the changed state of affairs lasted only a short time. The enemies of Savonarola plotted against him, and he was put to death after suffering horrible tortures.



SAVONAROLA.

(From the painting by Fra Bartolomeo. Anderson, Photo.)

CHAPTER XXI.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD.

THE struggle in England known as the Wars of the Roses ended with the death of Richard III. on Bosworth Field in the year 1485. Shakespeare has made the scene immortal :

King Richard. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !
Catesby. Withdraw, my lord ; I'll help you to a horse.

King Richard. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;

Five have I slain to-day instead of him.

A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !"

He was followed on the throne of England by the Earl of Richmond, who became King as Henry VII., and was the first of what is known as the Tudor line of Sovereigns. In his reign England was not a very happy country. Now that the wars were over there were a great many men who had nothing to do. They had forgotten how to work. To keep themselves from starving many of them took to robbery. Very cruel laws were made to put a stop to this. Every thief who was caught was hanged, and thousands were put to death in this way.

In the early part of this reign there came to the Court of England a Genoese named Bartholomew Columbus. He had been sent by his brother Christopher to ask King Henry for ships and men to set out upon a westward voyage in search of a new route to India.

The capture of Constantinople had cut off the merchants of Europe from intercourse with India and other lands of Asia with which they had done a large trade. The sailors of Portugal at once set about finding a sea route, and after several attempts they found one round the Cape of Good Hope and across the Indian Ocean. Only five years before the momentous voyage of Columbus Bartholomew Diaz had doubled the Cape, and five years after that voyage Vasco da Gama crossed the Indian Ocean and landed on the coast of Malabar.

Henry VII. was a mean man, and he wasted time in considering his answer to the messenger. Meanwhile Christopher Columbus had been successful elsewhere, and England lost the chance of being first in the New World.

We must never forget that Columbus did not set out to find America, and that when he did find it he was not aware of the fact. He thought that there were only three continents, and that the distance between the eastern shores of Asia and the western coasts of Europe and Africa was less than five thousand miles.

He meant to sail for the Canary Islands, and then due west to the coast of Asia. Such a route would be much better than the long and dangerous route round Africa, for it would be almost direct, and would save about eight thousand miles. His main object was the extension of commerce. He was going "to explore the east by the west, and to pass by way of the west to the land whence come the spices."

In Lisbon, in Genoa, and in Venice Columbus had tried to persuade those who had the means to supply him with ships and men for his voyage, but he met with no success. At last he went to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, who took counsel of their advisers on the matter. The thing was absurd, they said. How could the world be round? Besides, if anyone should ever succeed in descending into the other hemisphere, how could he ever mount up again into this one?

Columbus did not despair. For several years he worked and hoped, and at last the Spanish Queen and her husband agreed to find him ships. He was made Viceroy of the lands which he was going to add to the Spanish realm, and was to have one-tenth of all the gold, silver, and precious stones to be found in them. Three small wooden ships were provided, crews were found with great difficulty, and on the morning of August 3, 1492, he set sail from the Spanish port of Palos.

He had no small trouble with the men under his command. "Are there no graves in Spain," they asked, "that you should bring us here to perish?" For day after day passed, and no land was sighted. On October 10 the men refused to go any further.

But Columbus with words of hope persuaded them to go on working the ship, and they had not long to wait before the firm faith of their leader was justified. In the early morning of the 12th land was sighted, and with the first streak of dawn the voyagers saw a small island about six miles away. It was one of the Bahama



A MURAL PAINTING IN A VENETIAN PALACE ENTITLED "INDUSTRY."

(From the painting by Paul Veronese. Anderson, Photo.)

group, but Columbus thought that it lay off the eastern coast of Asia.

Figures of naked savages were now seen upon the shore of the island, and preparations were made for landing. Columbus left his ship in the long-boat, and was rowed to the beach. He stepped out, carrying in his hand the royal banner of Spain, and took possession of the island in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Meanwhile the natives looked on with wondering eyes at the strangers, who appeared to them to have fallen from the skies. Then they came forward timidly and touched the garments of the Spaniards with their fingers, as though to find out whether these were real men or not. Columbus treated them kindly, and gave them presents of glass beads and little bells, with which they were greatly pleased.

From this small island, which he named San Salvador, Columbus sailed away and discovered Cuba and Hispaniola, as well as other smaller islands. Then he set out again for Spain, where he was received with great honour. Ferdinand and Isabella even stood up to give him welcome back !

In later voyages Columbus reached the mainland of Central and South America, which he, of course, believed to be part of Asia. He fell into disfavour near the end of his life, and the great discoverer ended his days in poverty and neglect.

Columbus was quickly followed westward by other sailors from Western Europe eager to win wealth and fame in the West. Henry VII. gave leave for John Cabot, an Italian who had settled in Bristol, to sail

away to "the land where all the spices of the world grew." And Cabot, sailing from Bristol, discovered the island of Newfoundland, and mapped out part of the eastern coast of North America. But he thought, like all the others of his time, that the land he had reached was part of Asia.

The voyage of Columbus had a great effect upon our national life. Before his time we stood on the outer ring of the nations. The discovery of America placed us, as we now stand, in the centre of the land hemisphere, and in due time at the middle of the civilized world.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE POWER OF SPAIN.

IT was Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain who made it possible for Columbus to set out upon his first voyage. The reign of these two monarchs was one of the most glorious periods of Spanish history, for it was Ferdinand who drove out the Moors from the Peninsula.

In the year before Columbus set out Ferdinand marched southward, resolved to take the Moorish capital of Granada. Queen Isabella went with him, dressed like a knight in a complete suit of armour, and it is said that her presence filled the troops with fresh spirit.

The Spanish monarch did not try to storm the Moorish city, for it was very strongly fortified. He could afford to wait. His men began to set up, not tents, but stone houses in which to live, and in less

than three months there was a new city outside the walls of Granada. This proof of the King's firm purpose is said to have made more impression on the Moorish Sultan than many weeks of fighting. After a while he agreed to give up the city.

Arrangements were made for handing over the place to Ferdinand. Abdallah, the Moorish Prince, rode out himself with the keys, and handed them over to the Spanish King. "They are thine, O King," he said sadly, "since Allah so wills it. Use thy success with kindness and mercy." Then, after having bowed low before the Queen, he rode off to join his family, who had been allowed to leave the city in safety.

Meanwhile a body of Spanish troops had marched into the city to take possession, and soon the waiting Sovereigns saw on one of the towers of the Alhambra the large silver cross which had formed the standard of Frederick during the war. At the sight of it a select choir raised the strains of the *Te Deum*, and the whole army knelt as one man in thankful prayer to the Lord of Hosts. It was the final victory of Cross over Crescent—at least, in the West of Europe—and it formed a kind of balance to the victory of Crescent over Cross at Constantinople some forty years before.

In the meantime the Moorish Sultan had reached a rocky height from which he could take a last view of his capital. "He checked his horse, and as his eye for the last time wandered over the scenes of his departed greatness his heart swelled, and he burst into tears. 'You do well,' said his mother, 'to weep like a woman for what you cannot defend like a man!'

'Alas!' exclaimed the unhappy exile, 'when were woes equal to mine?' "The scene of this event is still pointed out to the traveller, and the rocky height from which the Moorish chief took his sad farewell of the princely abodes of his youth is commemorated by the poetical title of "The Last Sigh of the Moor."

After this great victory came the news of the discovery of Columbus, and before long many Spanish noblemen, with great numbers of their retainers, went sailing westward in search of wealth and adventure. They gained their fill of both, and in due time founded in Mexico as well as in Central and South America a great Spanish colonial Empire.

The story of the conquest of these parts of America by the Spaniards cannot be told in this book.* It is full of adventure, and exceedingly interesting. The effect of the founding of this Spanish Empire overseas was to help to raise Spain to the highest place in Europe.

When Ferdinand died the whole of the Spanish peninsula except Portugal had come under his rule. He had also made himself ruler of the southern part of Italy, as well as of Sicily and Sardinia. When he died, he was followed by his grandson Charles. After a time the new King was elected Emperor, and crowned at Bologna. He also ruled the Netherlands.

Charles thus became the greatest Sovereign in the world, and it seemed as if he was to bring back the days of the empire of Charlemagne. Great as were

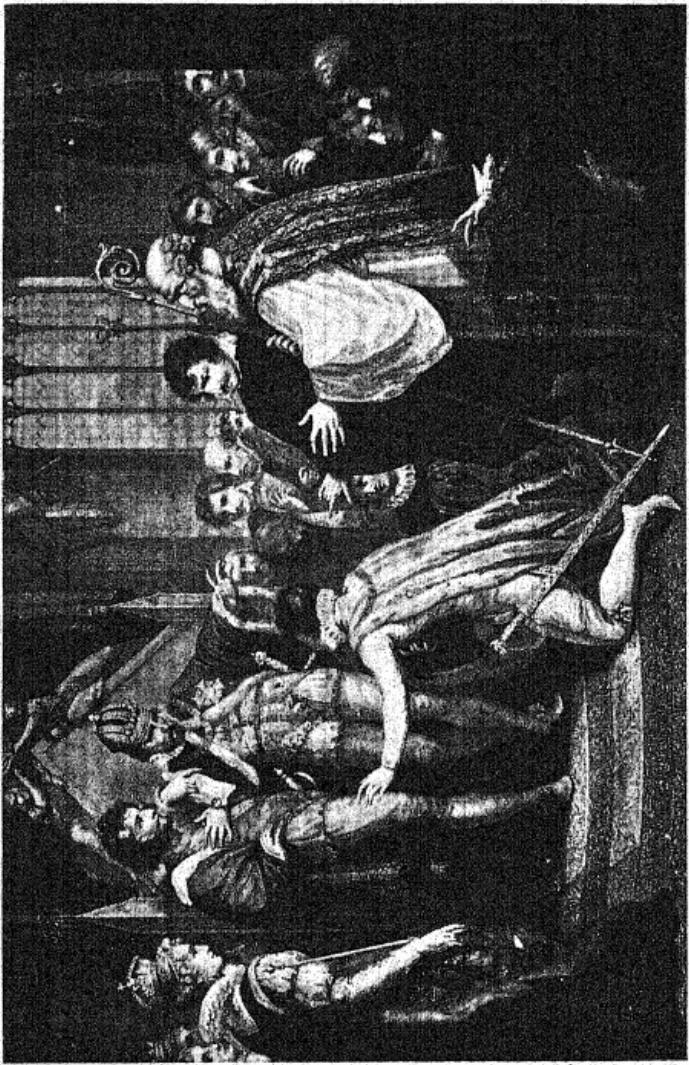
* It is, however, dealt with in Book VI. of this series. See Chapter XX.

his possessions, however, his ambition was greater, and he spent a large part of his life in trying to add to his wide dominions. Four times he went to war with France. In one of these wars the French King lost one of his bravest leaders, Bayard, the knight "without fear and without reproach."

In an engagement with the Spaniards this brave captain held a bridge single-handed against two hundred men, and when in another battle with the same foes he met his death his body was given back to his followers with all due reverence. "Do not pity me," he said to one who found him lying mortally wounded on the field, "for I die as a brave man should, with my back to the field and my face to the foe."

The reign of Charles V. ended in a very strange manner. Of his own free will he gave up his throne to his son Philip. He called together a great meeting of nobles at Brussels, and came before them with his son Philip and a brilliant company of Princes, soldiers, and councillors. Although only fifty-eight years of age, he was already an old man. His hands, knees, and legs were crippled, and he had to support himself by means of a crutch.

His son Philip was "a small meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid. . . . His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed." This was the Philip who afterwards became the husband of Queen Mary of England, and who sent to our shores the Invincible Armada.



CHARLES V. GIVING UP HIS ANCESTRAL LANDS TO HIS SON PHILIP.

(From an engraving after Westill.)

Standing upon a dais, and supported by his crutch, the Emperor then began to read from a paper. He spoke of his many wars and victories, and said that the welfare of his people had always been his chief thought. But now that "his strength was vanity, and his life fast ebbing away," his love for his subjects called for his departure. Instead of an old man with one foot in the grave he gave them a ruler in the prime of life and the vigour of health—his son Philip.

Then, dropping upon his knees, Philip kissed the hand of his father. Charles placed his hands upon the head of his son and blessed him. Then the royal party left the hall. Before long Charles retired to a convent, where he spent the rest of his life—only two years—in the exercises of religion and in preparation for the life beyond the grave. He left Spain the chief country in the world. But it was not long before she fell from her high position.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

WE now come to the time of an English King who had a great deal to do with affairs on the continent of Europe. This was Henry VIII., the son of the King who missed the chance of sending Columbus on his great voyage of discovery.

The new King married the daughter of the King Ferdinand who sent out Columbus, and so became the friend of Spain and at the same time the foe of her

rival France ; and he had not been long upon the throne before he was engaged in war with the latter country.

He landed himself in the North of France, and met a French force near Guinegate. So easy was his victory and so swift the flight of the French, that the contest became known as the Battle of Spurs. This happened in the same year as the English victory over the Scots at Flodden. Not long afterwards peace was made with France.

Then Charles V. came to the throne of Spain, and Henry began to feel that Spain was becoming too powerful. He tried to get himself chosen as Emperor, but, as we have seen, Charles himself was selected, and so became the greatest monarch in Europe. Then Henry began to think that the next best thing to becoming Emperor would be to "recover his French inheritance"—that is, to bring up again the old foolish claim to the French crown and enforce it by war.

The Emperor Charles, the enemy of France, thought that Henry could not do better. He set out for England, and having landed at Dover, rode in Henry's company to Canterbury talking over great affairs of State. The King of France was alarmed, and did what he could to gain the friendship of Henry.

He invited him to cross the Channel and meet him near Calais, to talk things over. So the English King with his Queen and Court crossed over from Dover, and made his way to the meeting-place, where a temporary palace had been set up adorned in a very lavish manner. Here he was met by King Francis at the

KING FRANCIS OF FRANCE MEETS HENRY VIII. OF ENGLAND ON THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.



head of a band of nobles dressed like their King in the most brilliant garments.

When the two monarchs met they embraced each other, and Francis said : " My dear cousin and brother, thus far to my pain have I travelled to meet you face to face. I think, truly, that you esteem me as I am, and that I am not unworthy to be your aid."

" I never saw Prince with my eyes," said the English King, " that might of my heart be more beloved ; and for your love have I passed the seas into the farthest frontier of my kingdoms to see you." Then the two Kings dismounted, and went arm-in-arm into a gorgeous tent, where a great banquet was held.

For about a fortnight high festival was kept on what came to be known as " The Field of the Cloth of Gold." A great tournament took place, and while the warriors contended in manly sports, the ladies strove to outshine each other in the beauty and costliness of their dresses.

Then when the meeting was over Henry met Charles once again, and made with him a secret treaty against the King whose guest he had been, and with whom he had exchanged such promises of friendship.

Henry's chief adviser at this time was Cardinal Wolsey, who did not wish either Francis or Charles to become too powerful. So he played them off one against the other, and by this means England gained a power in Europe which she had never before possessed. Wolsey's aim was to make himself Pope, but he did not succeed. He fell suddenly from his high position, and in the following manner.

Henry's Queen, Catharine, had been previously

married to his elder brother, who had died before his father. Now Henry began to grow tired of his wife, and wished to marry a young lady named Anne Boleyn. So he said that he was afraid he had done wrong in marrying his brother's widow, and asked Wolsey whether it would not be possible to get a divorce. He did not care what the Queen's nephew, Charles V., thought, for in the wars with France Charles had got all the gains and Henry none.

The matter was referred to the Pope, who ordered Wolsey and another Cardinal to hold a court in England and hear both sides. The poor Queen threw herself at the King's feet, and begged him to have pity upon her. She reminded him that she was a weak woman and a foreigner, and that for twenty years she had been a faithful and obedient wife to him; and she ended by saying that she would have no judge but the Pope himself. And after a while the Pope was persuaded by the friends of Charles to say that he himself must judge the cause, and in Rome.

Henry was bitterly angry when he heard this, and his wrath fell upon Wolsey. He refused to see him again. He took away his offices and his wealth, and treated him most ungratefully. Wolsey left the Court in disgrace and went to York. But in less than a year Henry sent an officer to arrest him as a traitor. On the way to London the party had to stop at Leicester Abbey, for Wolsey was very ill. "I am come," he said sadly to the monks, "to lay my bones among you."

On his deathbed he said to the officer who was taking

him to the King : " Our master is a Prince of the most royal courage ; sooner than miss any part of his will, he will endanger one-half of his kingdom. And I tell you I have often kneeled before him, sometimes for three hours together, to persuade him from his desires, and could not do it. And, sir, had I but served God as diligently as I have served the King, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs."

The Pope would not give Henry the answer he wished for with regard to Catharine. At the time Rome was in the hands of Charles V., and he dared not go against this powerful monarch. So Henry VIII. took the important step of setting aside the Pope altogether. He refused to send him the money which up to that time had been paid yearly to Rome by the Church in England.

This did not move the Pope. So Henry set up a court of his own, which tried the case, and said that the King might set aside Queen Catharine. The King thereupon married Anne Boleyn. The Pope refused to call her Queen of England. Henry gave him three months to change his mind. He did not. Thereupon all English people were forbidden to obey the Pope, and told to look upon their own King as Head of the Church in England.

We have seen how the temporal Empire broke up. Now we are watching the breaking up of the world-power of the Bishop of Rome.

CHAPTER XXIV.—COLET—ERASMUS—MORE.

WE have seen that the scholars of Italy took gladly to the new learning brought to them by the Greeks from Constantinople, and that in the time of Savonarola they thought more of learning than they did of goodness. But in the countries of the North of Europe the case was different, as we shall see.

Many of the scholars of these northern lands made the journey to Florence to attend the lectures of the Greek teachers. One of them was Colet, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, and founder of the London school which bears the name of the cathedral. He learnt Greek, not for the mere sake of knowing it, but because he wished to study more carefully the New Testament, which was written in Greek.

Colet and his friends returned from Florence, and made Oxford the centre of Greek learning in England. To their lectures came a young scholar from Paris, who had heard of the fame of the Oxford teachers. He had longed to go to Italy to the Greek teachers themselves, but had been unable to do so.

This was Erasmus, a native of Rotterdam, who, after spending some years as a monk, had made his way to Paris, where he earned his bread by giving lectures to the students of the university. “I have given my whole soul to Greek learning,” he writes, “and as soon as I get any money I shall buy Greek books, and then I shall buy some clothes.”

He became the pupil and friend of Colet, who taught

him so well that he said : “ I have found in Oxford so much learning that now I hardly care about going to Italy at all, save for the sake of having been there. When I listen to my friend Colet it seems like listening to Plato himself.”

Erasmus did in time go to Italy, and had offers to settle in Rome ; but our King Henry VIII. invited him to England, and he became a professor at Cambridge.

Erasmus spent many long and laborious days in making an edition of the Greek Testament which should contain the true and correct version of the Gospels, and he had a burning desire to spread abroad a knowledge of the contents of this book. “ I wish,” he writes, “ that the weakest woman might read the Gospels and the Epistles of St. Paul. . . . I long for the day when the husbandman shall sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plough, when the weaver shall hum them to the tune of his shuttle, when the traveller shall while away with their stories the weariness of his journey.”

Of course, before this could happen the New Testament would have to be placed in the hands of the husbandman and the weaver in the language which he spoke, and the Greek Testament which Erasmus had put together was to take the first step towards bringing this about. Other scholars who followed him translated it into English, German, French, and so on.

One of the closest friends of Erasmus was Thomas More, perhaps the most attractive figure in English history. He was brought up as a page in the house of Archbishop Morton, who, seeing what a bright boy he

was, used to say : " This child here, waiting at the table, will prove a marvellous man." It was the Archbishop who made it possible for More to go to Oxford to study.

More became in due time a clever lawyer and a great man in Parliament, and when Wolsey fell into disgrace King Henry VIII. made him his chief Minister. The King seemed to be very fond of him. Once he went to see him at his house in Chelsea, and walked for an hour in the garden with his arm round More's neck.

When More's son-in-law, Mr. Roper, said that this was a great honour, More answered : " Son Roper, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France it should not fail to go."

When Henry began to call himself Head of the Church in England More was among those who refused to look upon him as such. This was a matter of conscience, and no fear of imprisonment or death could turn such a man from what he thought to be right. He was tried and condemned to die.

His favourite daughter, Margaret Roper, was waiting to get a glimpse of her father when he was being taken back to the Tower after his trial. When she saw him she pushed through the ring of soldiers who were guarding him, threw her arms round his neck, and received his fatherly blessing.¹ When she had gone a few steps away, she remembered that she would never see her dear father any more, and, running back, kissed him again and again. The bystanders could not help crying at this sad sight.

More was not at all afraid to die. When he was led out to be beheaded on Tower Hill he was quite cheerful

and even merry. Seeing that the steps up to the scaffold were not very strong, he said : " I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." And soon, with words of hope and forgiveness on his lips, " passed Sir Thomas More out of this world to God."

He died for an idea. What was it ? He believed that the Pope was the only true Head of the Church on earth. Europe might be divided among several nations, and he knew very well that there was and never could be any one King over all of them. But to him there was only one Church, of which the Pope was the Head, and of which the Church in England or France or Germany or Spain or Italy was only a part.

His ideas are worth noting at this point, for many of the people of Northern Europe were now beginning to think differently. A great change was coming over these countries—a change which is known in history as the Reformation. It was to a great extent brought about by a study of the New Testament by such men as Colet and Erasmus.

We see, then, that in the South of Europe the new learning led to careful study and pride in the possession



HENRY VII.

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HENRY VII.

of knowledge, but in the North the scholars used it to find out more about the truths of religion. In the South it was a mere source of pleasure; in the North it was a serious thing which had to do with the soul of man.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE REFORMATION.

HENRY VIII. of England broke with the Pope of Rome in the year 1534; but some time before that parties had arisen in Germany and France which refused to obey the Pope as the Head of the Church. The leader of the German party was Martin Luther.

He was the son of a miner, “born poor and brought up poor—one of the poorest of men. He had to beg, as the school-children of those times did, singing for alms and bread from door to door.” Then, when he grew up, he became a friar, and later a university teacher at Wittenberg, a small town in Central Germany.

He studied religious questions very deeply, and was, of course, able to do so much better now that the new learning was spreading all over the land. What he believed about religious matters does not here concern us, but one day he walked up to the wall of the castle church, and fastened thereon a paper in which he boldly set forth his opinions.

The Pope’s answer was to send an order known as a bull, cutting him off from the company of Christians, and ordering all true Churchmen to have nothing more to do with him. This bull was publicly burnt by Luther

near one of the gates of the town, to show how little he cared for the orders of the Pope.

The next move of the Pope was to get Charles V., as Emperor, to order Luther to come to a great meeting to be held at Worms, and known as a Diet. "The Diet of Worms," writes a historian,* "and Luther's appearance there may be looked upon as the greatest scene in modern European history. After much dispute it had come to this: the young Emperor Charles V., with all the Princes of Germany, are assembled there. Luther is to appear, and answer for himself whether he will change his mind or not.

"The world's pomp and power sit there on this hand; on that stands up *one man*, the poor miner, Hans Luther's son. Friends had advised him not to go; he would not be advised. A large company of friends rode out to meet him with still more earnest warnings. He answered: 'Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on.' "

Luther was condemned and made an outlaw. The Emperor had, however, promised to have him conducted safely home again, and he was taken in an open waggon through the Thuringian Forest. On the way he was captured by four masked knights sent by a friendly noble, and taken to a castle not far away. Here he lived for about a year. In order that his enemies might not learn where he was, he dressed as a knight, wore a breastplate and helmet, and allowed his beard to grow. Then when times were quieter and there was no longer any danger for him he came out from his place

* Thomas Carlyle.

of retreat, and spent his time in teaching, preaching, and writing.

In the year of the famous Diet of Worms there appeared a book said to have been written by no other than Henry VIII. of England. It dealt with Luther's ideas of religion, and the author tried to prove that they were wrong. The Pope was so grateful to the King of England for his help that he gave him the title of *Fidei Defensor*—that is, Defender of the Faith. Henry kept the title even after he had openly broken with the Pope and set up the separate Church of England, and it is still borne by our Sovereigns.

The followers of Luther called themselves Protestants, and in time there arose what was called a Lutheran Church in Germany. So the work of breaking up the spiritual empire went on. We find the same kind of movement going on in France.

The leader in that country was a man named John Calvin. He lived for some time in Paris, but had to leave the city because there his life was not safe. He went to Geneva, and made that city the centre of a new religion known as the "Reformed" faith. His teaching soon spread far and wide, and among his friends was a certain fiery preacher named John Knox, who spent the best part of his life in Scotland.

The Reformers were called Huguenots by those in France who still kept up their obedience to the Pope. These people were very cruelly treated in the reign of the King whom our Henry VIII. met on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. There lived in the South-East of France a quiet and inoffensive race of people known as

he married Jane Seymour. She had a son, Edward, who succeeded his father as King of England.

The new King, who was only a boy, was on the side of the Reformers, and he made many great changes in the land, to the great grief of those who still clung to the old religion. Edward reigned only six years, however. He was always a sickly boy, and he knew that he had not many years to live. It grieved him very much to think that after his death the crown would go to his half-sister Mary, the daughter of Queen Catherine.

He knew that she would at once bring back the old religion, so he let some artful men persuade him to say, quite unlawfully, that his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, should be Queen when he died. Lady Jane was a beautiful girl of sixteen, very learned, very good, and a very firm Protestant. She did not know that she was doing wrong in accepting the crown.

When Edward died, however, the English were faithful to their lawful Queen, Mary. Queen Jane only reigned nine days, and then Mary entered London in triumph, and Jane was sent to the Tower. About a year later she was beheaded as a traitor.

Mary lost no time in bringing back the old religion. She married Philip II. of Spain, who was ready to send his armies against any country which had broken away from the rule of the Pope. Then there began in England a most terrible time for the Protestants, and people saw how ready many of them were to die for their religion.

Before long Mary got Parliament to renew the

terrible laws for the burning of heretics, most of which Edward VI. had done away with, though the Protestants sometimes burned people too. Mary did this, not because she was a cruel woman, but because she honestly thought it was right.

Many of the foremost men in the land suffered death by burning. Among them were two Bishops named Latimer and Ridley. The former was an old man of eighty. They suffered death at Oxford, and great crowds went to see them die.

They were both fastened to the same stake by a chain which went round their bodies, and faggots of wood were piled up round them. When the fire was kindled Latimer cried out to his friend : “ Be of good cheer, Master Ridley ; play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God’s grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out.”

It was not only Bishops who were burned. Poor men and women, and even boys, who had read very little except their Bibles, were just as brave and ready to die for what they believed to be right. The dreadful work went on for about three years, and it is said that nearly three hundred people were burned in different parts of the country. Not many were sorry when the reign of Mary came to an end, though she ought to be pitied as well as blamed, for she was very miserable and lonely.

Her husband, King Philip of Spain, did not love her, and she had no children to comfort her. She also felt very much the disgrace of losing Calais, which in her reign the French at last took from the English.

She declared that when she died the word "Calais" would be found written on her heart.

She was followed on the throne of England by her young half-sister Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. The new Queen was a Protestant, and in her reign the Protestant religion became that of the State, as it has been ever since.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE FOUNDING OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

WHEN we speak of the Netherlands at the present day we mean the country of Holland. But in the time of our Henry VIII. the name had a wider meaning, including almost the whole of the present Holland and Belgium, in addition to part of the North-East of France. The country contained a large number of wealthy trading cities, and formed part of the wide dominions of Charles V., King of Spain and Emperor.

Charles, always in need of money, claimed heavy tribute from the trading cities. Ghent and others refused to pay. But Charles marched to Ghent with an army, beheaded several of the rulers of the city, and forced the merchants to pay not only the tax, but a heavy fine as well.

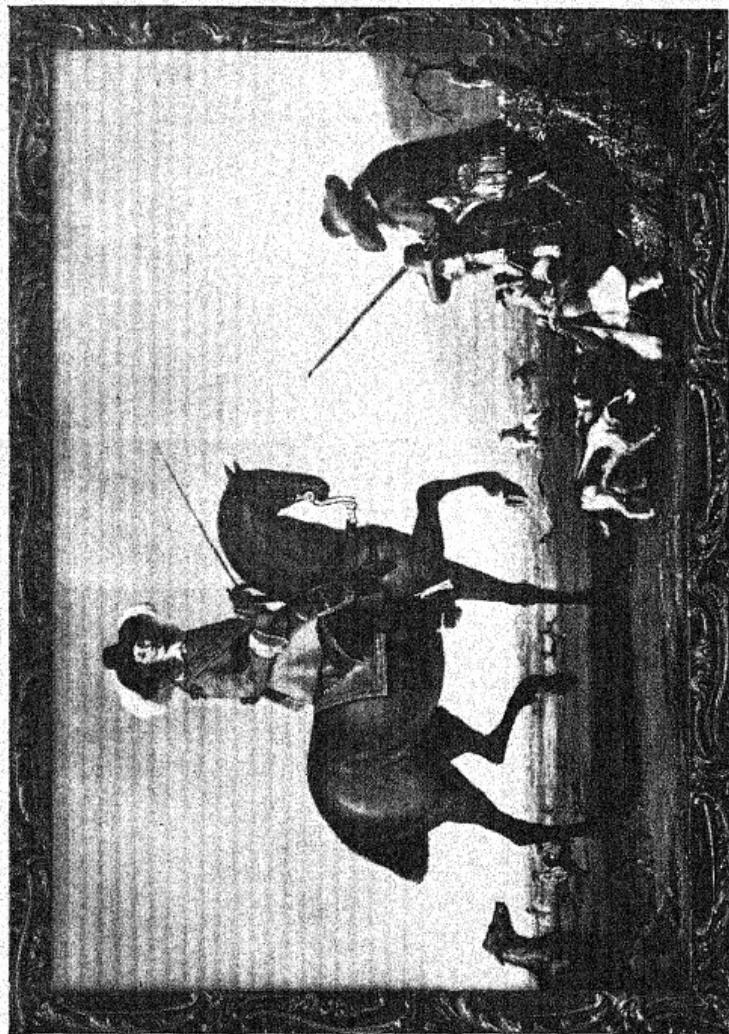
The northern part of the Netherlands was German, and contained many Protestants. Charles, eager to weed out the heretics, sent the Church officers known as the Inquisitors into the country, and they set about the task. The thumb-screw, the rack, the stake,

and the scaffold claimed countless victims, and the Netherlands contributed a full share of the martyrs of the Reformation.

We have already seen how, two years before his death, Charles V. handed over his crown and dominions to his son, Philip II. The new Sovereign hated the Dutch Protestants even more fiercely than his father, and he spent the first four years of his reign in persecuting them. Like his wife, Mary of England, he believed most firmly that he was doing the work of God in hunting Protestants to death. “How can you thus look on and allow me to be burned?” asked one of his victims. “I would carry the wood to burn my own son were he as wicked as you,” was the stern reply.

When Philip left Holland for Spain he made Margaret, the Duchess of Parma, Regent of the Netherlands. To her came a band of nobles begging for mercy for the Protestants and better government for the whole land. They got very small satisfaction, and the people broke out into open rebellion, breaking the images and destroying many beautiful works of art in the cathedrals and churches. This brought a few promises from Philip and his advisers, but the King was bent on revenge.

He sent to the Netherlands the Duke of Alva, one of the best generals and sternest soldiers of history. “In person,” writes a historian, “he was tall, thin, erect, with a small head, a long visage, lean yellow cheek, dark twinkling eyes, black bristling hair, and a long, sable-silvered beard, descending in two waving



WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

(From the painting by Cuyp. Haarlem, Photo.)

streams upon his breast." In character he was cruel and merciless, and he had won for himself a name which was already feared throughout the Netherlands.

He came with his army of well-tried soldiers as a conqueror, and not as a governor, and he felt sure that the success of his master's work was safe in his terrible hands. "I have tamed people of iron in my day," he said, in great contempt of the merchants of the North. "Shall I not easily crush these men of butter?"

Then he began his work, the work of taming the people. "Soon the whole country became a charnel-house; the death-bell tolled hourly in every village; not a family but was called to mourn for its dearest relatives, while the survivors stalked listlessly about, the ghosts of their former selves, among the wrecks of their former homes. The spirit of the people within a few months after the arrival of Alva seemed hopelessly broken."

But a leader was at hand who saved the nation. This was William of Orange, a Prince of Germany, who began a struggle for independence which lasted for thirty-seven years, and ended in victory for the Netherlands. It was a bitter struggle indeed. There were battles and sieges almost without number, and feats of great valour were performed on both sides. One of the most famous contests was the Siege of Leyden.

The Spaniards began the siege of this city in 1573—that is, in the middle of the reign of our Queen Elizabeth. There were only a few soldiers within the

place, but the hearts of the burghers were stout and true, and they trusted to William of Orange, who was doing his best to bring relief.

He found it impossible, however, to collect a force large enough to cope with that of the Spaniards. But he devised a daring plan for outwitting the enemy. This was to cut the dykes along the Meuse and Yssel, and to open the sluices at Rotterdam and Schiedam, so as to allow the ocean to flood the fields round Leyden. Then, he thought, it might be possible to approach the city by water and to bring relief to the inhabitants.

The dykes were broken in sixteen places, and the sluice-gates were opened. The water rushed in and flooded a wide tract of land which had by much hard labour been reclaimed from the sea. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," was the cry.

Ships laden with provisions were got ready at various ports on the coast, and then the attempt was made to reach the besieged city. The vessels made their way to within five miles of the place, where they were stopped by an unbroken dyke, which was defended by a party of Spaniards. These were easily overcome, and the dyke was then broken in several places. Another dyke was taken and broken, and then the vessels were stranded in the shallow water, almost within sight of the city and under the fire of the Spanish guns.

Before long the wind began to blow, driving the waves of the sea through the gaps in the dykes. Once more the vessels floated, and were able to draw nearer to the city. Then, within a short distance of the

wharves, they were again stranded, and lay for some days helpless on the shallow sea.

Between them and their goal now lay the fort of Lammens, swarming with soldiers and bristling with artillery. The Admiral stayed his ships, and got ready for a desperate attempt to take it. He sent a dove into the city with a message, asking for a force of the burghers to help him in his almost impossible task. The work was to be done in the early dawn of the following morning.

"Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the Armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds were heard to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long line of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters in the dead of night, and one side of the city wall fell with a loud crash. The horror-stricken citizens thought the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

"Day dawned at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral got ready for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which caused a sickening suspicion. Had the city indeed been carried in the night? Had the massacre already commenced? Had all this labour been expended in vain?

"Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammens towards the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to

wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, through the darkness. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were their lanterns, and the boy now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he that he had offered at daybreak to go thither all alone."

All obstacles being now removed, the fleet swept by Lammens as soon as a favourable wind arose, and soon the ships were lying by the quays of the city. Leyden was saved.

The struggle at Leyden put fresh heart into the people, and after a few years they formed a new European State, known as the Seven United Provinces. William of Orange became head of the new commonwealth, with the title of Stadholder. Such was the birth of the present Dutch nation.

Plots were soon set on foot to assassinate William of Orange, and at last one was successful. He was one day walking slowly down the stairs of his palace when a man stepped forward and fired a pistol at his breast. He staggered, but was saved from falling by one of his officers, who had him carried into the dining-hall, where in a few moments he breathed his last. The murderer got away, but was afterwards caught and put to death.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

WE have already read something of the Huguenots of France, and seen how they came under the protection of the Bourbon family. The rivals of this family were the Guises, who held the chief power in the kingdom of France. They had the young King, Francis II., entirely in their hands, for he was only a weakly boy, and the Queen-mother Catherine was of their party.

The Guises and the Queen-mother treated the Protestants very cruelly. Catherine found a wife for her son in the person of Mary Stuart, whom we know as the Queen of Scots, and the great rival of Elizabeth of England. The young Queen was very beautiful, as well as very gay and heartless. She was a staunch Catholic, and often took delight, along with the nobles of the Court, in witnessing the tortures and death that were inflicted upon many of the Huguenots.

Meanwhile the Bourbons were plotting to overthrow the Guises, and wished to get the young King and Queen into their own hands. Francis died near the beginning of our Queen Elizabeth's reign, and was succeeded by his younger brother, Charles IX., then a boy of eleven. The young widowed Queen went back to her kingdom of Scotland, and was from thenceforth to the day of her death a thorn in the side of Elizabeth.

"Girl as she was," writes a historian, "she was hardly inferior in powers of mind to Elizabeth herself,



THE FLIGHT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(From an engraving after R. Weddell.)

while in fire and grace she stood high above her. She would lounge all day in bed, and rise only at night for dances and music. But her frame was of iron, and knew not fatigue. She galloped ninety miles after her last defeat without a pause to change horses. She loved risk and adventure, and the ring of arms. As she rode in a foray to the North, the grim swordsman beside her heard her wish she was a man, to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or to walk about with a Glasgow buckler and a broadsword."

But we must return to France. The boy King was in the hands of Catherine, who acted as Regent, and was really ruler of the kingdom. She tried to make peace between Catholics and Protestants, but was not able to do so. Before long civil war broke out, which lasted for several years. Spain helped the Catholics, and Elizabeth of England helped the Huguenots, and France was laid waste with fire and sword.

The leaders of the Huguenots were Admiral Coligny and Prince Henry of Navarre. After a great deal of fighting peace was concluded about four years before the Spaniards were driven from Leyden. The Huguenots were to be allowed to worship God in their own way, all employments were to be thrown open to them, and they were given four fortified towns, one of which was La Rochelle, on the west coast of France.

When Charles grew up he tried to get the whole power into his own hands. He arranged a marriage between his sister and Prince Henry of Navarre, hoping thereby to heal the nation's quarrel. The mother of Prince Henry went to Paris to consult with the Queen-

mother about the marriage. There she died in a very sudden and mysterious manner, and it was said that her death was due to the plots of Catherine.

Henry prepared to go to Paris himself, and the leaders of the Huguenots were to attend him. But there were doubts and misgivings in their minds. "If that wedding comes off," said one, "the favours will be crimson." Coligny was warned not to go to Paris, but he took no heed, and went on, as it proved, to his death.

The marriage took place, though the bride had to be forced by the King to take her share in the ceremony. Then trouble began. Catherine hired an assassin to murder Coligny, because she did not wish him to gain the King's ear. The assassin only wounded him, however, and the King swore to have his revenge.

But Catherine was too strong for him. She had made up her mind to deal a terrible blow at the Huguenots. She went to the King and laid her plan before him. It was nothing less than a proposal to massacre all the Huguenots in Paris on a certain fixed day. The King was filled with horror, but was at last driven by threats and persuasions to give his consent. "I agree," he said at last, "provided you do not leave a Huguenot alive to reproach me."

In the early morning of St. Bartholomew's Day, August 26, 1572, the bell of a church in Paris began to toll, and was at once answered by the bells of other churches in the city. This was the signal for the beginning of the deadly work.

Armed men wearing white scarves on their left arms and white crosses in their caps rushed into the streets,

and made rapidly for the houses where the Huguenots were known to be. There they fell upon them, and slaughtered men, women, and children without mercy.

Coligny was among the victims, and he met his death like a brave man. “Are you the Admiral?” asked one who wore the white badges. “I am,” answered Coligny, “and you, young man, should respect my gray hairs. But do your work. You will only shorten my life a little.” Then he fell, stabbed to the heart, and his body was thrown from the house where he lodged, to be insulted by the mob.

For three days the awful work went on, and the fury spread to many towns in the provinces, which imitated the example of the capital. Henry of Navarre escaped with his life by promising to become a Catholic, but afterwards disregarded his promise. The news of the massacre filled Philip of Spain with the keenest joy.

The Huguenots now took refuge in their fortified cities, and civil war broke out once more. Charles died at an early age, and the next King, after a reign of fifteen years, named Henry of Navarre as his successor. But the Prince did not secure the throne without a struggle. A decisive victory at Ivry, in Normandy, however, turned the scale in his favour. Macaulay tells the story of the battle in stirring verse :

“The King has come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, ‘God save our lord the
King!’”

Then followed a siege of Paris, during which Henry became a Catholic, and was then admitted to the city. "After all," he said, "it is worth a Mass." The Huguenots, however, did not forsake him, so that he was able to unite the land under his rule. Before his death at the hands of an assassin he had earned the title of *Pater Patriæ*—that is, "Father of (his) Country."

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE SPANISH ARMADA.

WHEN the people of Holland were fighting for independence, Queen Elizabeth sent help to them. She also assisted the Huguenots in their wars with the Catholics in France. So she became one of the foremost champions of the Protestants, and the object of the bitter hatred of Philip of Spain.

During the early part of her reign the Catholic Queen of Scots was a source of continual trouble to her. After losing her crown, Mary Stuart crossed the Border, and placed herself under the protection of her cousin Elizabeth. For some seventeen years she was kept in various castles in England, and became the centre of many Catholic plots which aimed at killing Elizabeth and placing her cousin upon the throne of England.

At last the patience of the English people was exhausted. Mary was put upon her trial, condemned to die, and Elizabeth, after much hesitation, signed the warrant for her execution. She suffered death

at Fotheringay Castle, dying as dauntlessly as she had lived. "Do not weep," she said to her ladies. "I have given my word for you. Tell my friends that I die a good Catholic."

Mary had looked to Philip of Spain for help in gaining the crown of England, and in the very year of her death the Spanish monarch had ready a huge Armada, "that great fleet invincible," for sailing to these shores. But Drake, the daring captain, sailed into the harbour of Cadiz and destroyed a number of store-ships, thereby, as he put it, "singeing the King of Spain's beard."

In the next year, however, Philip was ready. His general, the Duke of Parma, was to collect a large Spanish force at Dunkirk. The great Armada was then to sail up the Channel and protect his flat-bottomed transport boats while the landing upon our shores was being made.

The first part of the plan was carried out. Parma's men were ready, though the general knew well enough that the actual landing upon the English coast would not be the end of his task. He hoped, however, for a rising of the English Catholics in his aid, and this kept up his spirit.

On July 19, 1588, the Armada was sighted from the Lizard, and at once the beacon-fires flashed out the news along the coast and far away inland to the North. The great fleet numbered about one hundred and fifty vessels, with some twenty-eight thousand men on board. The Admiral was the Duke of Medina Sidonia. The English had eighty vessels, most of them of small

size, but quick and easily managed. On board these ships were some nine thousand sailors. The commander was Lord Howard, himself a Catholic, and he was supported by Hawkins, Frobisher, Raleigh, and Drake.

The Spanish fleet sailed slowly past the mouth of Plymouth Harbour and up the Channel. Then the



ONE OF THE MEDALS STRUCK BY QUEEN ELIZABETH AFTER THE DEFEAT
OF THE ARMADA.

English ships began to harry them in the rear. For a week they kept up a kind of running engagement, and did a great deal of damage. By the time that the Armada reached the French coast several ships were missing, and nearly all had suffered greatly from the English cannonade. The Spaniards anchored in Calais Roads, and it seemed as if they would be able after all to join forces with Parma.

When the darkness of night had fallen, the English sent among the Spanish vessels eight ships which were

filled with rubbish and inflammable substances which would burn well and long. On each of these fire-ships were a few men, who, when they were close enough to the enemy, set the vessel on fire, jumped into their boats, and rowed away. The Spanish Admiral, in a great fright, ordered his captains to cut their cables and put out to sea. In the confusion that followed several galleons went aground and were captured.

Out in the open Channel the English fleet closed in, and a general fight began. When the next night came the Spaniards had lost six of their great galleons, but still their fleet was, in Drake's own words, "wonderful great and strong." Within the Armada itself, however, there was dismay and despair. A council of the captains was held, and it was determined to go back to Spain by the only possible route—northward along the east coast of Britain, round the Orkneys to the west, and so into the open Atlantic.

This course was taken. "Never anything pleased me better," wrote Drake, "than seeing the enemy fly with a southerly wind to the northwards. Have a good eye to the Prince of Parma, for, with the grace of God, if we like, I doubt not, ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself back among his orange-trees."

But the meanness of the Queen and her advisers, who had provided only scanty supplies for the fleet, prevented the English captains from following up the chase. And the storms of the North Sea did the work which they longed to do. The cliffs of the Orkneys and the west coasts of Scotland and Ireland were strewn

with the wrecks of Spanish vessels, and only about fifty reached home again, bearing some ten thousand men, stricken, many of them, with disease and death.

"With all their great and terrible ostentation," wrote Drake, "they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink or take one ship, barque, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land."

So ended the great plan of Philip II. of Spain for subduing the England of Elizabeth. When Philip heard of the great disaster, he said simply: "God's will be done. I sent my fleet to fight with the English, not with the elements." But in spite of these words the King must have known what a fatal blow had been dealt at the power of Spain.

After this the seas were open to the English sailors, and they were not slow to take advantage of this. From the time of Elizabeth we date the beginning of our empire overseas. The loss of Calais in Mary's reign had reminded the people of these islands that it was not intended that they should play an active part in the settlement of the nations and the boundaries of the continent of Europe.

The boundaries of Britain itself had been fixed by Nature. But with the defeat of the Armada it was made possible to extend those boundaries in far-off parts of the world, and first of all in that New World to which Columbus had led the way.

The defeat of the Armada was also a victory for the Protestants. They had triumphed, too, in Ger-

many, as well as in France and in Holland, as we have already seen. So that the Reformation was now a real thing, and the world-power of the Pope, though not given up in idea, was no longer a real thing, as it had been in the time of Charles the Great.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE LAND OF MUSCOVY.

WE have so far taken little note of Russia in our readings about the various countries of Europe. In the early years very little was known of this great land, and it lay outside the course of events which made up the history of Germany and Italy, France, Spain, and Britain.

When the northern vikings swept over Europe about the time of our King Alfred, one party of them advanced into Russia, and a Swede named Rurik founded a royal line at Novgorod. About the time of our King John the land was invaded by hordes of Mongols from Central Asia, who held sway in the land for about two hundred years.

Then, near the end of our Wars of the Roses there came a Prince named Ivan III., who broke the Mongol yoke. The Mongol chief at Astrakhan, according to custom, sent his portrait to Ivan in order that he might do homage to it. The Russian Prince trod the picture beneath his feet as a sign that he meant to be free. And in time he did actually free himself from the rule of the Mongols. Moscow became the Russian capital, and great changes were made in the land.

The first Russian ruler to take the title of Tsar was Ivan the Terrible, who bore rule at the time of our Queen Elizabeth. He seems to have deserved his unenviable title. He took the lives of any of his servants who displeased him, saying that they were his property. In a quarrel with his son he struck the Prince on the head with an iron-pointed staff, causing a wound which proved to be mortal. Some writers say that he was really insane.

During his reign two English travellers set out for Russia, or Muscovy, as it was then called. These were Richard Chancellor and Sir Hugh Willoughby, who wished to find a northern sea-route to India and China. They sailed past the North Cape, and entered the icy seas to the north of Russia, where Willoughby and a large number of sailors perished of cold.

Chancellor landed, and made his way to Moscow, where he was kindly received by the Tsar, of whose Court a writer of the time has left a very interesting account. Describing the Russian monarch, he writes : " His seat was aloft in a very royal throne, having on his head a diadem or crown of gold, clothed with a robe all of goldsmith's work, and in his hand a sceptre garnished and beset with precious stones. On the one side of him stood his chief secretary, and on the other side the great commander of silence, both of them arrayed also in cloth of gold ; and then there sat the council, of one hundred and fifty in number, all in like sort arrayed and of great state.

" This so great a majesty of the monarch and of the place might very well have amazed our men, and have

dashed them out of countenance ; but Master Chancellor, nothing dismayed, saluted and did his duty to the Tsar after the manner of England, and then delivered unto him the letters of their King, Edward VI.

“ The Tsar, having taken and read the letters, began a little to question with them, and to ask them of the welfare of our King, whereunto our men answered him directly and in few words ; and so the monarch, having invited them to dinner, dismissed them from his presence.”

As a result of this visit, English trading centres, or “ factories,” as they were then called, were set up in various parts of the Tsar’s dominions. When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, she sent the first Ambassador to the Court of the Tsar, and numbers of adventurous Englishmen settled in the land, which had been opened out to their commerce.

It was Tsar Ivan’s great desire “ that the Queen’s Majesty and he might be to all their enemies joined as one, and that England and Russland might be in all manners as one.” But he did not obtain an alliance with Elizabeth. Her Ministers advised her not to make one, and though she was friendly she was firm on this point.

Tsar Ivan could not understand this. When he himself wished to do anything, he did it, in spite of all the counsellors under the sun. “ We had thought,” he wrote to our Queen, “ that you were ruler in your own country, and ruled with sovereign power ; therefore, we wished to treat with you as with a Sovereign. But we find that other men, without you, rule your

country, and not men, but farmers and merchants, the which seek not the honour and wealth of our majesties, but they seek their own profits as merchants and traders."

Ivan seems to have had a real desire to bring his people into line with the nations of Western Europe. But when he died he was succeeded by a son who was as weak as his father was strong; and Russia had to wait some time longer before she came under the rule of a Tsar who made of her a more civilized nation.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

QUEEN ELIZABETH was succeeded in 1603 by James VI. of Scotland, the son of her old rival, Mary Queen of Scots. He became the first King of Great Britain and Ireland, though for more than a hundred years longer Scotland had her own Parliament. He was the first of the Stuart Kings of our land, and during his time and the time of his son, Charles I., we do not find that our country takes a very great place in Europe.

As a matter of fact, we were busy at the time settling the question whether the King or the people was to be first in the land. The contest led to the great Civil War between Roundheads and Cavaliers, to the death of King Charles I. as a "traitor" to his people, and to the setting up of a "Commonwealth," when the country was ruled by Oliver Cromwell, and had no King at all. But it ended in the final triumph of the people as represented by Parliament.

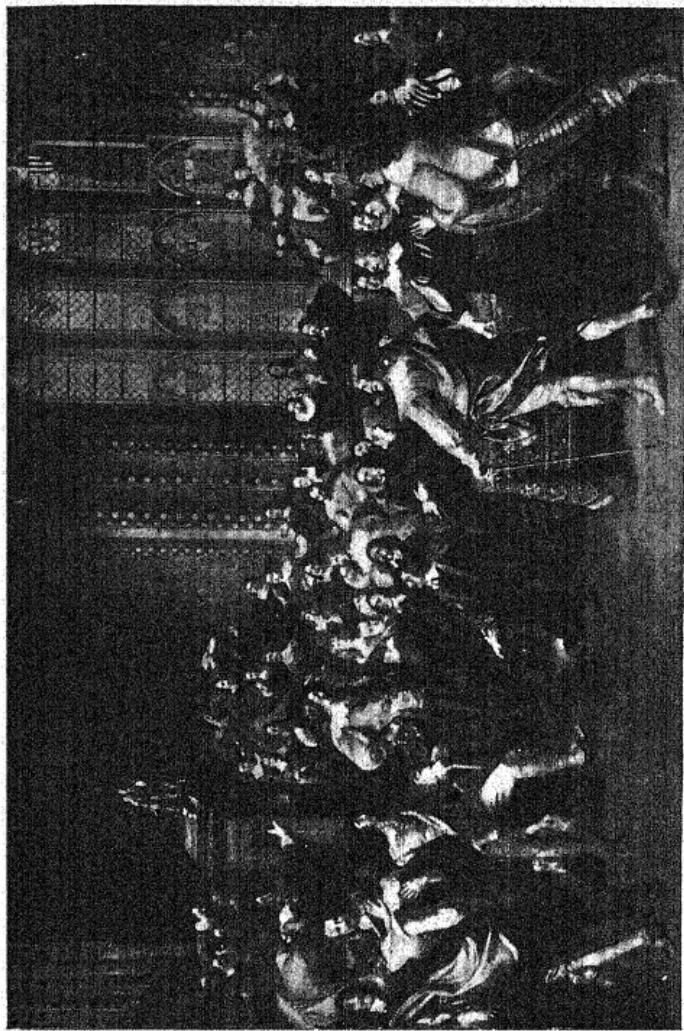
We do not propose to pass in review the events of this great struggle. We must turn our attention to a wider scene of action. But we shall find several points of contact between the story of our own land and that of the Continent with which it must always be in close touch.

In the reign of our King James I. there began a contest in Europe which was known as the Thirty Years' War, and when it had been fought out we find the map of Europe changed in a very remarkable way. It began in Germany, and at first it was a struggle between Catholics and Protestants, the last of the great wars about religion.

The war began in a struggle for the crown of Bohemia, where the Protestants were strong and numerous. The rivals were the Emperor Ferdinand II. and a Prince known as the Elector Frederick, who had married the daughter of our James I. After a time, however, the struggle became general in Europe, though the chief opponents were the King of France and the Emperor.

We cannot go into the details of the great struggle, but we ought to know a little of some of the famous men on both sides. One of them was Count Tilly, who was at the head of the forces of the Catholic Princes; another was Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, who fought on the side of the Protestants.

Count Tilly was a native of the Netherlands, and a born soldier. Near the end of his life he boasted that he had won no less than thirty-six battles. In 1630 he besieged the town of Magdeburg, and when the place was taken it was given over to his soldiers.



CHARLES THE FIRST ASKING FOR THE SURRENDER OF THE "FIVE MEMBERS."

(From the painting by Copley.)

"Then began a time of horror," writes a historian, "for which history has no language, poetry no pencil. Neither innocent childhood nor helpless old age; neither youth, sex, rank, nor beauty, could disarm the fury of the conquerors. . . . Some amused themselves with throwing children into the flames, others with stabbing infants at the mother's breast. Some officers of Tilly's army, horror-struck at the dreadful scene, reminded their leader that he had it in his power to stop the butchery. 'Return in an hour,' he said, 'and I will see what I can do. The soldier must have some reward for his danger and toil.'"

Gustavus Adolphus, the King of Sweden, was known as the Lion of the North. He was a Protestant, and one of the greatest leaders who ever commanded an army. He crossed the Baltic to fight against the forces of the Emperor. "The Snow King will melt as he moves southward," said Tilly's officers; but their leader was wiser than they. Twice he was beaten by the Lion of the North, and in the second great battle on the banks of the Lech was mortally wounded.

But the Emperor had another great general in his service, whose name was Albert von Wallenstein, and when the victorious Swedes had marched into the heart of Germany he turned to him for help. The forces met at Lützen, in Saxony, and a fierce battle took place, in which the Swedes gained a victory, but lost their leader.

Gustavus had, as usual, shown great courage in the fight. At one time he leapt from his horse and led in person a body of infantry, with pike in hand like the

rest. In the press of the battle he was struck by a ball in the arm and another in the breast, and fell from his horse, which galloped riderless away. His body was afterwards found among a heap of slain.

We must now note with care what effect this war had upon the map of Europe.

France was, on the whole, the victor in the struggle, and from the time of this war we shall see her take a foremost place in Europe, the place hitherto taken by Spain.

The Empire was weakened in several ways. In the first place, each of the divisions into which Germany was split up was now to be free to choose its own religion. This was a deadly blow at the old idea of lordship to be shared by the Emperor and Pope. Thus we see Germany and Italy gradually parting company.

Germany, then, was now broken up into a number of separate States, and of these the most powerful was Austria. In due time we shall see Austria drawing apart from Germany, and forming a new European State under a separate monarch ; but this was not to happen yet.

The nations of Europe now agreed to look upon Holland as a separate and distinct nation. It had once, as we have seen, formed part of the Empire. Now it was to be ranked among the nations of Europe, with a ruler of its own.

They also agreed to the independence of the mountain land of Switzerland. For a long time the people of this land had fought for freedom from the control of the House of Austria. The story of William Tell and the apple belongs to this time and country, as well as the

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tale of Arnold Winkelried, who in a battle with the Austrians gathered the enemies' spears into his bosom, and made a way for his comrades into their ranks.

So we can see the modern nations of Europe gradually taking the places which they now occupy. There were to be many great struggles before the boundaries were fixed as we see them to-day. But we can watch the gradual forming of the map as our story proceeds.

There was still, we must not forget, an Emperor who claimed to rule both Germany and Italy. He was usually at this time the head of the Austrian princely House of the Hapsburgs. His power as Emperor was not a very real thing, but the old idea of world-lordship lived on in the face of stubborn facts.

CHAPTER XXXII.—FRANCE UNDER THE GRAND MONARCH.

DURING the Thirty Years' War the greatest man in France was Cardinal Richelieu. For about twenty years he was really ruler of the country. One evening, at an assembly, the King, Louis XIII., noticed that the great nobles crowded round the red-robed Minister, leaving him alone, as though he were of no account. When he rose to go, the Cardinal stood aside to let him pass. "You are the first here," said the angry King. "Pass on." "Yes, sire," said Richelieu, taking hold of a light; "but it is in order to show the way to your Majesty."

The Cardinal's great object was to raise France to

the first place in Europe. "As far as Gaul reached," he said, "so far shall France extend." He did not live to see the success of his plans. But when the Thirty Years' War was ended, six years after his death, the eastern boundary of France was fixed at the Rhine, and the country was now the first in Europe.

One other great aim of Richelieu was to make the King's word the law of the land. His idea of a happy and prosperous State was not that it should be ruled by a Parliament, but by the King himself. The Huguenots opposed him in this, so he began a war against them, and himself marched at the head of an army to the attack of La Rochelle.

Help came to the Huguenots from England. The Duke of Buckingham, the bosom friend of Charles I., set out at the head of an expedition. He was not very popular at home, and he thought he could win the good will of the whole of the English people by going to help the Huguenots. A fleet of a hundred vessels was got ready to relieve Rochelle. The English troops landed, and began the siege of a castle. But they were driven back along a narrow causeway to their ships. Two thousand of them were slain, while the French did not lose a single man.

In spite of this dismal failure, Buckingham got ready in the next year to try again. He was preparing to leave Portsmouth when a man sprang from the crowd which came to see him off, and stabbed him to the heart.

La Rochelle held out for fifteen months, and only gave in when half of the population had died of starva-

tion and the garrison was reduced to a mere handful of men. The walls and forts of the city were destroyed, and now the power of the Huguenots was completely broken.

It was not because they were Protestants, however, that Richelieu fought and humbled them. As a matter of fact, after beating them to their knees, he gave them freedom of worship. This was not a religious struggle like those of which we have read in previous chapters.

The Huguenots wished, as citizens, to be free men, and to have a share in the government. Richelieu wished to make the King the sole power in the land, and he gained his desire. When he died, in 1642, he left King Louis XIII. master of a well-ordered and, on the whole, a prosperous kingdom. The next King, Louis XIV., made himself still more powerful, as we shall see; and the whole of France may be said to have "belonged" to him, as a nobleman's estate is his own property. He is said to have put all this into a few simple words, full of meaning. When someone spoke to him of "the State," he broke out with, "The State? *I am the State!*"

Now, across the English Channel at this time a struggle of the same kind was going on, but it ended in a different manner. Charles I., too, claimed to be "the State." He was appointed by God as King of this realm, and was answerable only to God for his actions. Parliament had no right to interfere between him and his people. These were his views, and they were much the same as those of Cardinal Richelieu.

But the party of the Parliament withheld him.

The Civil War began : Cavalier faced Roundhead, and the land was filled with bitter strife. Seven years after the death of Richelieu the struggle came to an end with the death of Charles I. upon the scaffold at White-hall. Parliament was the victor, and the people of this country had asserted their right to govern themselves.

So we see how at one and the same time two great countries, who were near neighbours, passed through the same kind of struggle, and how the contest ended in France with the victory of the Crown, but in England with the victory of the people. Long years afterwards, as we shall see in a later chapter, France was to pass under the rule of a Parliament, but the change was to be made in a very violent manner.

When Richelieu died his power passed into the hands of Cardinal Mazarin, who ruled France when Louis XIV. was a boy, for he was only five years of age when his father passed away. As soon as he was of age, the young King was married to a Spanish Princess. This marriage was planned by Mazarin, with the hope that it would lead to the union of the crowns of France and Spain. France was already the most powerful country in Europe, but her rulers meant, if possible, to make her greater still. We see how the old idea of world-lordship is ever present in the minds of masterful men.

Mazarin died when Louis had just come of age. A Secretary of State thereupon went to the King and asked him to whom he should now look for guidance. "To me," said the young monarch. Then he set to work to manage his kingdom.

He acted, on the whole, wisely and well, taking the advice of one or two men of worth. An attempt was made to set right the money affairs of the kingdom, and to lighten the taxes as well as fill the King's purse. The trader and the farmer were helped. A royal navy was built. Canals and locks, roads and bridges, were made. Learned men, writers, artists, and sculptors, were encouraged. Many new and good laws were drawn up. The army was made more useful, and for the first time provided with the bayonet.

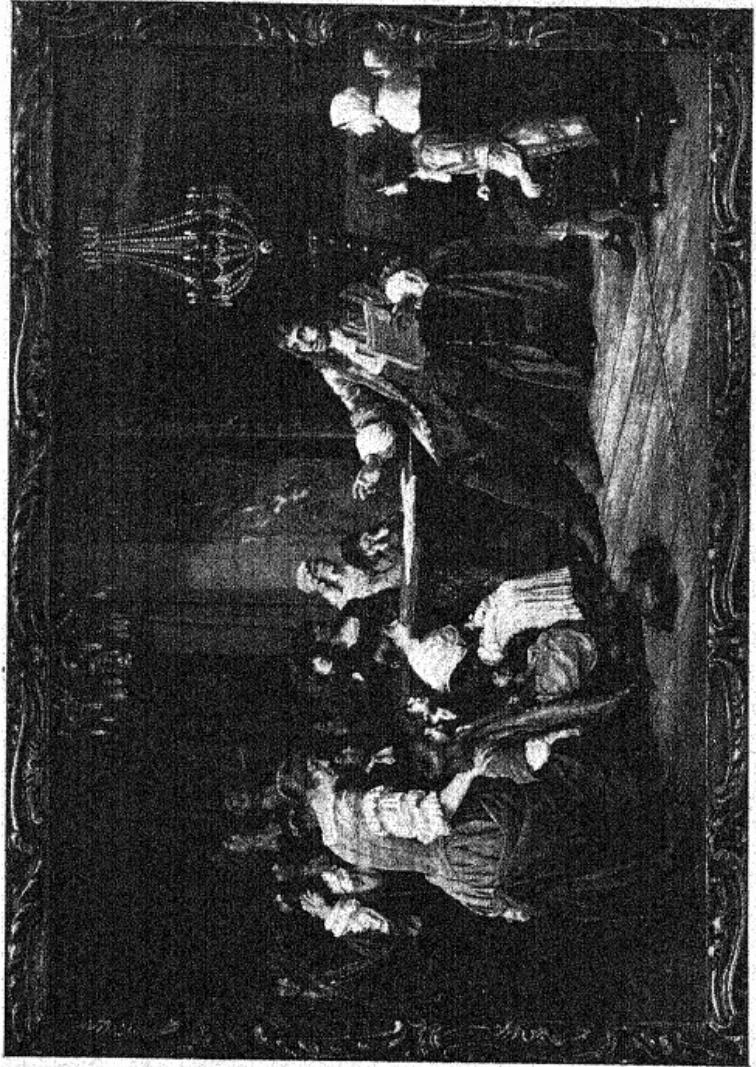
Many famous writers lived at this time, and one of the most noted was Molière, the dramatist. He wrote a number of plays which were acted before the Court at the King's beautiful palace at Versailles. Here Louis lived with his crowds of flatterers round about him, and if constant flattery could have killed him he would have died at an early age.

Later in his reign Louis began the great wars which caused widespread misery in Europe. Of these we shall read in a later chapter; and we shall also see how this great French monarch touches our own history.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—CHARLES II. AND LOUIS XIV.

AFTER the execution of Charles I. our country became a Commonwealth under the Protector, Oliver Cromwell. He did many things at home which his critics now say were wrong. But most people are agreed that he made his country feared and respected abroad.

He did not, however, see that the enemy to the



THE DRAMATIST MOLIÈRE READING A NEW PLAY TO HIS TROUPE.

(From the painting by Melingue. Neirdein, Photo.)

peace of Europe was now the great kingdom of France. He thought that it was Spain which needed humbling, when that kingdom was really growing weaker year by year. So he made up his mind to keep strict watch upon that country, which he hated as the chief Catholic Power on the Continent.

The first thing he had to do, however, was to bring to an end a war with Holland, which had become our rival upon the sea. In one battle between the fleets the Dutch had won ; in the next the famous English admiral, Blake, had beaten them. Cromwell made a profitable peace with them, and joined with France in a war with Philip IV. of Spain. Blake destroyed one Spanish fleet after another, and captured the island of Jamaica, in the West Indies, though not without the loss of many lives.

Cromwell died in 1658, and after a short time of unsettled government the son of Charles I. came back to England and to the throne of his father as Charles II. We have now to see what part our country played in the affairs of Western Europe during his reign.

A few years after his return we were once more at war with our rivals, the Dutch. Holland acted at this time as a kind of carrier for the other countries of Europe. Her ships fetched things for them from distant parts of the world, and carried back again what they produced. English merchants wished to get this profitable carrying trade for themselves, and this led to the outbreak of war.

The two countries were so well matched upon the sea that neither side could claim a decided victory.



THE COUSIN OF LOUIS XIV. OF FRANCE, WHO TOOK A MAN'S PART IN SOME
OF THE STIRRING EVENTS DURING THE KING'S BOYHOOD.

(From the painting by Legrip. Neurdein, Photo.)

The English Parliament gave huge sums of money to carry on the fighting. But after a while it began to be suspected that some of the money granted for this purpose never reached the fleets, but was wasted by the King on his own pleasures.

Just then it was decided to make peace with Holland. The terms were nearly, but not quite, settled. Charles, however, taking it for granted that there would be no more war, dismissed most of the sailors, meaning to keep for himself the money which had been voted to pay them.

The Dutch at once sent their fleet up the Thames, and as there was no English fleet to hinder them, they sailed up the Medway, burned three men-of-war and carried off a fourth. For some days they blockaded the Thames, and Charles was forced to accept terms of peace which were not to our advantage. The pride of the people was greatly hurt, as might have been expected.

Now, at this time Louis XIV. had sent his armies into the country which we now call Belgium, but which then formed what was known as the Spanish Netherlands. Louis said that the land ought to belong to his wife, who, as we already know, was a Spanish Princess.

The Dutch thought that if he won this land he would be a very inconvenient neighbour to them, so they asked Charles II. to join with them and Sweden in making a stand against the powerful French monarch. But though King Charles promised what they wished, he did not really desire to fall in with their plans.

Louis was first cousin to Charles, and during his exile the English King had lived for some time in France. After a time the French King was able to persuade him to break with his new friends, and make a secret treaty with him. This was known as the Treaty of Dover, and the terms were as follows :

Charles promised his cousin to declare himself openly a Roman Catholic, which he really was at heart. If this caused a rising in England, Louis was to send French soldiers to put it down. In return Charles promised to help Louis in a war he was planning against the Dutch. And, most important to our needy and pleasure-loving King, Louis was to make him yearly grants of money while the war with the Dutch lasted.

Sweden was also persuaded to withdraw from her alliance with Holland, and before long Louis began his attack upon that country. He marched his armies across the Dutch frontier. Most of the fortresses were out of repair, and one place after another was forced to surrender to him. In their despair the Dutch remembered how their forefathers had saved Leyden in the great struggle with Spain.

The dykes near Amsterdam were broken, and the sea was allowed to flood the fields and destroy the property of the frugal burghers. The whole country round about looked like one great lake, from which the cities, with their ramparts and steeples, rose like islands.

Holland was at that time a republic. But in its hour of need it chose as its ruler William, Prince of Orange, whose ancestor had freed Holland from Spain.

His mother was a daughter of Charles I. of England, so that he was a nephew of Charles II. He was only twenty-two, but he had an old head on young shoulders, and by his spirit he roused courage and hope in the Dutch. He urged them to make a determined stand against the invader. If the whole of the country were buried beneath the waves, he said, the Dutch could go to their islands in the East Indies, and there found a new Holland, where they could preserve their liberty.

But such a course was not found to be necessary. The army of the French King was obliged hastily to retreat, and Holland was saved. From that time William of Orange became the leader of all the Princes of Europe in their struggles against the Grand Monarch. How the contest went on we shall see in a later chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—LOUIS XIV. AND WILLIAM III.

CHARLES II., the “Merry Monarch,” reigned for twenty-five years, and was followed by his brother, who became King as James II. The new monarch wore the crown for about three years. Then he lost it because he tried to set his own will above the law of the land.

He was a Roman Catholic, and he wished to get Parliament to alter the laws which prevented him from taking Roman Catholics into his service. When he could not do so, he told people that he would allow them to break these laws. It looked as if the old

quarrel between King and Parliament was to be opened out once more.

Then a party of English gentlemen sent a message to William, Prince of Orange, begging him to come to England to save the laws and liberty of the people. William was a nephew of James, as well as his son-in-law, having married his elder daughter, Mary. Both William and Mary were Protestants.

The Prince gladly accepted the invitation from England. He knew that, as King of this country, he would be better able to spoil the plans of Louis XIV. of France, and this was the great object of his life. He therefore landed in Devonshire in November, 1688, with a small army. But he had no need to use it, for not even James's own soldiers would fight for him, and the King was soon obliged to take refuge in France, where Louis XIV. treated him very kindly.

Then it was arranged that William and Mary should rule as joint Sovereigns of Great Britain. This change, so quietly brought about, is called the Revolution. It ended the struggle for power which for upwards of a hundred years had been going on in our land between King and Parliament, and Parliament won the victory. For William and Mary, and all the rulers who came after them, reigned, not by right of birth, but by the choice of the people through their Parliament.

We shall read in a later chapter of another Revolution, which was not so quiet as that of 1688 in England.

The French King not only welcomed James II. to his Court, but was able to supply help for him in an attempt to get back his crown. The city of London-

Derry was besieged, and the people held out bravely for King William more than three months before they were relieved. Then the King crossed over to Ireland himself, and met the army of James near Drogheda. In the battle which followed the troops of William were victorious, and, now the danger from Ireland was over, James went back to France.

While the King was away on this campaign a splendid French fleet appeared in the English Channel. It was met by a joint fleet of English and Dutch vessels. The Dutch ships were beaten, and the English Admiral was forced to fly along the coast of Kent and take refuge in the Thames. This disgrace was keenly felt by all English people, but in about two years it was entirely wiped out.

A powerful French fleet and a great army were got ready for the invasion of England. Our fleet was under the command of Admiral Russell, who, it was known, was in favour of bringing James II. back again. But he did not wish to see him brought back at the cost of a French invasion.

"Do not think," he said, "that I will let the French triumph over us in our own seas. Understand that, if I meet them, I fight them—ay, though King James should himself be on board."

And this he did. He met the French fleet near Cape La Hogue, which juts out into the Channel in the North-West of France, and completely defeated it. This was the most glorious naval victory won by our men since the time of Elizabeth. It put an end to all fear of a French invasion or of the restoration of James II.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE TIME OF MARLBOROUGH.

WHEN William III. had passed away he was succeeded by the Princess Anne, the sister of his wife Mary, who had died some years before him. The great rival of Louis XIV. was now removed, but there rose up in England a soldier who was quite able to take his place. This was John Churchill, who afterwards became Duke of Marlborough.

He was one of the greatest generals we have ever had. He was never defeated in any battle. He was very brave, yet always cool and patient. He was very kind to his men, and most careful in seeing that the wounded were properly cared for, and he was courteous and considerate to his prisoners.

Under this great soldier England was soon at the head of a great alliance of Kings and Princes, all united against Louis of France. He had under his command not only English soldiers, but Dutch and German ones, too. The Kings and rulers who sent these troops all had their own ideas about the war, and were not at all ready to do what Marlborough wanted. He had to be civil to everybody, and get them all to do what was really best for them.

During the first two years of the war Marlborough had enough to do to defend Holland against the French. But in the very next year he won his most famous victory. Louis sent a French army into Germany to attack the Emperor. Marlborough

suddenly marched up the Rhine, and met with a famous soldier, Prince Eugene, who was in the service of the Emperor. Then the two generals met the French near a little village called Blenheim, on the Danube.

On an August day in the year 1704 a great battle took place. It was Marlborough who forced the fight, though many of his officers thought that it was useless to attack such a strong position as the enemy held. "I know the danger," he said to them, "yet a battle is absolutely necessary, and I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops, which will make amends for our disadvantages."

The fight raged fiercely all the day, and when it was over Marlborough was the victor, though on his side there were five thousand killed and eight thousand wounded. The enemy, however, lost some forty thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and among those who were captured was their leader. Blenheim is one of the decisive battles in the world's history. It was the greatest victory that our armies had won on the Continent since Agincourt, and it broke the power of Louis completely.

Some of the fighting in this war went on in Spain, which was, of course, on the side of Louis. In the same month and year that Blenheim was fought a British fleet under Sir George Rooke, with troops on board, happened to come round by Gibraltar. Rooke made up his mind to try to take the place, and landed some soldiers on the narrow strip of land by which the Rock is joined to the mainland.



KING PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN.

(From the painting by Velasquez, Levy, Photo.)

The Spaniards thought the place so strong that they had only a garrison of a hundred and fifty men in it, and these were very careless in watching. As the next day was a saint's day, they all went to church, feeling quite secure. While the sentinels were thus out of the way, the British sailors clambered up a very steep path on to the top of the Rock and hoisted their flag.

And from that day to this, in spite of desperate attempts to haul it down, of which we shall read in later chapters, the British flag has waved over the Rock of Gibraltar, now one of the strongest fortresses in the world.

After Blenheim Marlborough won victory after victory, and drove the French out of the Netherlands. The long war brought terrible sufferings on the French, but they fought bravely on. At last people in England thought that Louis had been humbled enough, so the war came to an end. Philip, the grandson of Louis, was allowed to keep the crown of Spain. England kept Gibraltar, and also obtained from Louis certain wide territories in North America, where the King had hoped to found a New France. These lands were Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and the Hudson Bay Territory.

The Prince Eugene who fought at Blenheim was a soldier scarcely less famous than Marlborough himself. He had gained a great name as a general in fighting against the Turks, who near the end of the reign of our Charles II. advanced into Europe as far as Vienna. After his successes against the armies of the Sultan,

Louis XIV. tried to obtain his services, offering him both high rank and high pay.

But Prince Eugene would have none of it, and in his answer to the King's messengers we can see how men still thought of the Emperor as something higher than a mere King. "Tell your King," he said, "that I am Field-marshal to an Emperor, which is an office quite good enough for me, or indeed for anyone. As for money, I do not desire it. My master will not suffer me to lack as long as I serve him faithfully."

And during the war with France the Emperor had no more faithful or energetic servant. A few years after this war Eugene again marched against the Turks, defeated them at Peterwardein, and drove the remnant of their army into the strong fortress at Belgrade. Then after a siege he took the place by storm.

Much of his success was due to his personal influence over his soldiers, whose hearts he had completely won. He looked carefully after their wants, treated them kindly and frankly, and as a consequence they would go anywhere and do anything for him. They called him affectionately "The Little Abbot," because in his early life he had been intended for the Church.

This was the Prince of whom our poet Southeby speaks in his poem on the Battle of Blenheim :

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—PETER THE GREAT OF RUSSIA.

TSAR PETER, commonly known as Peter the Great, ruled in Russia at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century—that is, during the time of our King William III., Queen Anne, and George I. The great aim of this monarch was to obtain outlets for Russia on the sea. So he marched against the Turkish city of Azof at the beginning of his reign, and took it, but was afterwards forced to restore it.

He knew that when he did obtain for Russia ports upon the open sea very few of his subjects would know how to make proper use of them. So he made up his mind to learn the art of ship-building. He therefore set out for Saardam in Holland, where he worked for some time in the ship-building yard as an ordinary craftsman, living the simple rough life of his fellow-workers. Then he visited England, and spent some three months at Deptford learning all he could about ships and shipping.

His rough manners and simple ways not only astonished but amused the people of London, who were used to very different conduct on the part of royal persons. The Government placed at his disposal a house at Deptford, named Sayes Court, from the garden of which he could readily reach the dockyard.

When the Tsar had gone back to his own country the owner of the house made a claim on the Government for compensation for damage done by the

Russian tenants. The place, he said, was in such a bad condition that he could scarcely describe it. Much of the furniture was broken or lost. The lawns and flower-beds were trampled down by what the owner called "leaping and shewing tricks" upon them. He was given the sum of £700.

While Tsar Peter had been on his travels some of his soldiers had broken out into mutiny. As soon as he reached home again he punished the ringleaders severely, then he took in hand the heavy task of making his people adopt the more civilized ways of the nations whom he had visited on his travels. Many of his subjects did not wish to change their ways of living, but they had to give way to the masterful monarch, or be ready to face his fierce punishments. Peter now turned his serious attention to winning for Russia an outlet upon the Baltic Sea, the coasts of which were then in the hands of the Swedes. This brought on war with Charles XII. of Sweden, who became one of the greatest generals of his time. He was only a boy when Peter made an attack upon his dominions, and planted a large army of Russians round the city of Narva, on the Gulf of Finland.

Charles came against him with an army of not quite half the size of that of the Russians, and beat him completely. But Peter only said : "The Swedes will have the advantage of us at first, but they will teach us how to beat them."

The Swedes now marched off to Poland to conduct a campaign against the King of that country. Meanwhile Peter gradually took to himself portions of

the Swedish territory on the Gulf of Finland, and upon an island at the mouth of the Neva began to lay the foundations of St. Petersburg, his “western window towards Europe.” “He gathered workmen from all parts of his dominions, cut down and dragged to the spot whole forests for piles and buildings, and caused a city to rise as if by magic from the morasses. The lack of stone and other good building material was met by compelling every cart that entered the place, and every vessel that visited the port, to bring a certain quantity of stone, brick, or gravel. More than a hundred thousand workmen are said to have perished during the first few years of this work.”

Charles of Sweden having beaten and deposed the Polish King, turned his attention to Peter. He meant now to march into Russia, and also depose the Tsar. Even Peter was alarmed, and sent messengers of peace. “I will treat with the Tsar at Moscow,” said the proud Swede.

But he did not reach Moscow. The Russians laid waste his path so that he could not get supplies, and allowed the terrible Northern winter to do the rest of the fighting. After great sufferings the Swedish army laid siege to the town of Pultowa. The Tsar marched to relieve it, and the two armies met in a fierce combat, in which the forces of Charles were utterly wiped out. The Swedish King made his way to Turkey, where he stayed for five years, during which time Sweden lost the whole of her provinces on the east side of the Baltic. Then the King came back to his kingdom, and fell in a war with Norway.

Tsar Peter had a son named Alexis, who seems to have been as weak as his father was strong. Knowing well that only a strong-minded monarch could rule his kingdom, Peter set himself to try to teach his son his methods of government. But Alexis was not an apt pupil, and at last made his escape to Germany, and afterwards to Naples. On a promise of forgiveness he returned, and was so severely tortured that he died.

Peter excused himself in this way. "If a weakling succeeds me, the land will go to ruin. If I pass over my son and hand on my crown to one fit to succeed me, the land will be torn by civil wars about the succession. It is better that the Prince should die." This gives us some idea of his methods and point of view.

Peter the Great died in 1725—that is, two years before our George I. Cruel as he was, he was mourned by the greater number of his people as their master and father who had left his subjects "orphans and powerless." "All Russia seems but the monument of this strange colossal man," writes a historian. "He added six provinces to her dominions, gave her an outlet upon two seas, a regular army trained in European tactics, a fleet, and a naval academy, and, besides these, galleries of painting and sculpture and libraries. The title of Great cannot justly be refused to such a man."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.

We have referred now and again in these chapters to “the Empire” and “the Emperor.” Let us now remind ourselves what was meant by these terms. We may in our day speak of the Emperor of Russia, or the Emperor of Austria, or the Emperor of Japan, while our own King is Emperor of India. But during the greater part of the history of Europe, when “the Emperor” and “the Empire” were spoken of, these names meant only one person and one realm. No one would ever make any mistake about it.

The title really carries us back to the great Empire of the Romans. In their time there was no doubt in the minds of the people of Europe who the Emperor was. He was the head of the great world-empire which had its centre at Rome. The “world” in those early days meant the lands which lay round the Mediterranean Sea as a centre. The name of this sea means, as you probably know, “the sea in the middle of the earth.”

This great Empire, as we have seen, fell to pieces under the pressure of “barbarian” tribes from the North and East of Europe. Then came the Dark Ages, when there was an Emperor in Rome or Ravenna, and one in Constantinople, but many of these rulers had little real power. Yet the people of Europe could not put off the habit of looking to Rome as the centre of the world. This was partly because it became the

home of the chief Bishop or Pope of the Christian Church, who had authority over the Churches of all lands. He was a kind of spiritual Emperor of the world, who had real power, when the other Emperors were mere figure-heads.

Then there arose a Frankish King called Charles the Great or Charlemagne, who conquered the greater part of Western Europe. After doing so he went to Rome, and got himself crowned as the Emperor of the Romans. He was to rule the best part of Europe along with the Pope of Rome. Once again the great city became the centre of the civilized world, and the peoples of Europe knew what was meant by "the Empire" and "the Emperor."

But Charles the Great died, and his Empire fell to pieces. Yet the Pope kept up his claim to world-lordship, and went on crowning one Prince after another as Emperor of the Romans. As a rule, the Prince chosen for the empty honour was the ruler of the Germans. But France fell away from the Empire. Britain never really belonged to it. Spain, too, was for the most part outside of its boundary. Scandinavia and Denmark did not owe any allegiance to the Emperors. Italy became in time divided into a number of States, each under its own ruler.

Yet one German Prince after another went to Rome—often he had to fight his way there—to get himself crowned by the Pope as "Emperor of the Romans," and to hear himself proclaimed in the great Church of St. Peter as "Lord of the World." In time the Empire became known as the *Holy Roman Empire*,

because the Pope was the spiritual head of it. But as a witty Frenchman once said, it came to be neither Holy nor Roman nor an Empire.

We have read a great deal of Charles V., who was King of Spain and Emperor, and who really ruled a very large part of Europe. Under him the Empire seems to have been a real thing, but he was powerful because he was King of Spain, and not because he was Emperor. After his death his great dominions gradually fell apart.

Now, as time went on a certain noble house of Germany began to gain the chief place among the Princes of that land. This was the House of Hapsburg, the head of which was Duke of that part of the German lands about the middle Danube, known as Austria. It came to be the custom for the German Princes to choose the head of this house as Emperor, and when elected he nearly always went to Rome to be crowned by the Pope. The capital of the Empire came to be not Rome but Vienna, the chief city of the Austrian duchy. Thus we see another great modern European country gradually coming into being. We see also how Germany and Italy were kept yoked together in an unnatural union.

As time went on the Emperor in Vienna began to lose control over the Princes of North Germany, who were supposed to rule their lands under him. Many of them, as we have already read, sided with Luther in the disputes about religion, and their States became Protestant, while the Emperor was, as we need scarcely say, a Roman Catholic.



ANNE OF AUSTRIA, WHO RULED FRANCE WHILE LOUIS XIV. WAS A MINOR.

(From the painting by Rubens. Lévy et ses fils, Photo.)

Among these Princes of North Germany the leader was a Prince known as the Duke of Prussia, who belonged to the noble House of the Hohenzollerns. Just before the time of our Queen Anne the head of this house got leave from the Emperor at Vienna to call himself King Frederick I. of Prussia. "The Emperor," said Prince Eugene, when he heard of this, "in his own interests ought to have hanged the Ministers who advised him to grant this permission."

Eugene was far-seeing. For a new power had been born in Europe. As we go on we shall see the Princes of North Germany rally round Prussia to form the present German State quite apart from the ruler at Vienna. Thus we see Germany and Austria, as we know them, gradually forming out of the old Holy Roman Empire, which kept up, however, its empty claim to rule "the world."

And what of Italy? It was divided into a number of States, and had no unity. In time we shall see a great figure arise, and watch the breaking of the yoke of Austria as well as the founding of a new Italy separate from all the other countries of Europe. But this did not come to pass till a very late time in the history of the Continent.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—FREDERICK THE GREAT.

WHILE Marlborough was winning victory after victory on the Continent an important change took place in this country. This was the union of the Parliaments

of England and Scotland in 1707. The two countries had been under the same monarch since the time of James I., but Scotland had kept her own Parliament. Now there was to be one Parliament for the two kingdoms, and it was henceforth to meet in London.

The Union was a great blessing to both countries, but at the time large numbers of the Scottish people were very sore about it. There was in the country at the time a party known as the Jacobites, who were hoping to see the son of James II. ascend the throne of Great Britain when Queen Anne should pass away. A few years after the Union she died, and was succeeded by George I., a Prince of the German State of Hanover. Then the Jacobites resolved to try their fortune, and in 1715 they raised a rebellion in Scotland.

The rising was put down without much trouble, and the son of James, who was known as the Pretender, went back to France. Thirty years later, when George II. was on the throne, they tried again, and Charles Edward, the "Young Pretender," took Edinburgh, and then marched south to Derby. But this rebellion was also put down, and the Jacobites were finally quelled.

Meanwhile great events had been taking place on the Continent, beside which the Jacobite rebellions were very small affairs indeed. The kingdom of Prussia had come into the hands of a famous ruler and general, who became known as Frederick the Great.

He had an unhappy boyhood. His father was miserly, fierce, coarse, and brutal. We read in the diary of the Prince's sister : "When the young Prince

went into the King's room one morning, the King seized him by the hair, flung him down, and after he had spent the strength of his arm on the poor boy's body, he dragged him to the window, took the curtain-rope, and twisted it round his neck. The Prince had presence of mind and strength enough to grasp his father's hands and scream for help. A chamberlain came in and plucked the boy away from the King."

Such brutal treatment on the part of the royal father was by no means a rare thing, and we are not surprised to find the Prince in his seventeenth year trying to make his escape. His plans were found out; his companion, a young officer in the army, was put to death before his eyes, and he himself was put into prison, treated with great cruelty, and at last condemned to die. But the sentence was set aside on the earnest advice of the King's Ministers, and the Prince was kept in prison for quite a long time. In this way Frederick the Great was prepared for the kingly office.

When he came to the throne, however, he soon showed that he was fit for rule. His aim was "to further the country's well-being, and to make every one of his subjects contented and happy." He built roads and canals, drained many of the marshes of East Prussia, and did all he could to place upon the land contented and thriving peasants and farmers.

The poor were his especial care, and when taxes were to be levied—and they were by no means few or light—he took care that the heaviest burden should not fall on those least able to bear it. He came to be spoken of as the "Father of his People," the "Great

Land Father," and, more affectionately still, "Father Fritz." He was the master of his people, too, but he used his power, on the whole, for their happiness.

Frederick was very proud of his army, and his soldiers, whom he often led to victory, almost worshipped him. Yet he was by no means an easy task-master. "Difficult, but not undoable," he once said to an officer, "and it must at once be set about and done." And at another time, before one of his great victories, he thus spoke to his generals :

"Gentlemen, against all the rules of war, I am going to engage an army nearly three times greater than my own. We must beat the enemy or make ourselves graves before his batteries. This I mean, and thus will I act. Remember that you are Prussians. If one among you fears to share the least danger with me, he may resign at this moment, and shall not hear one word of reproof from me."

Frederick firmly believed that "to rule by work is the true secret of power." He used to call himself the "first servant of the State," which is a little different from the saying of Louis XIV. of France—"I am the State." Early in the morning he was to be found at his desk when not engaged in one of his campaigns, and he knew himself all the details of the work of government.

It was the life-work of this great Prince to raise Prussia to a high position among the nations of Europe, and to lay the foundations of modern Germany. This was not done without much stern fighting. But of this we shall read in our next chapter.

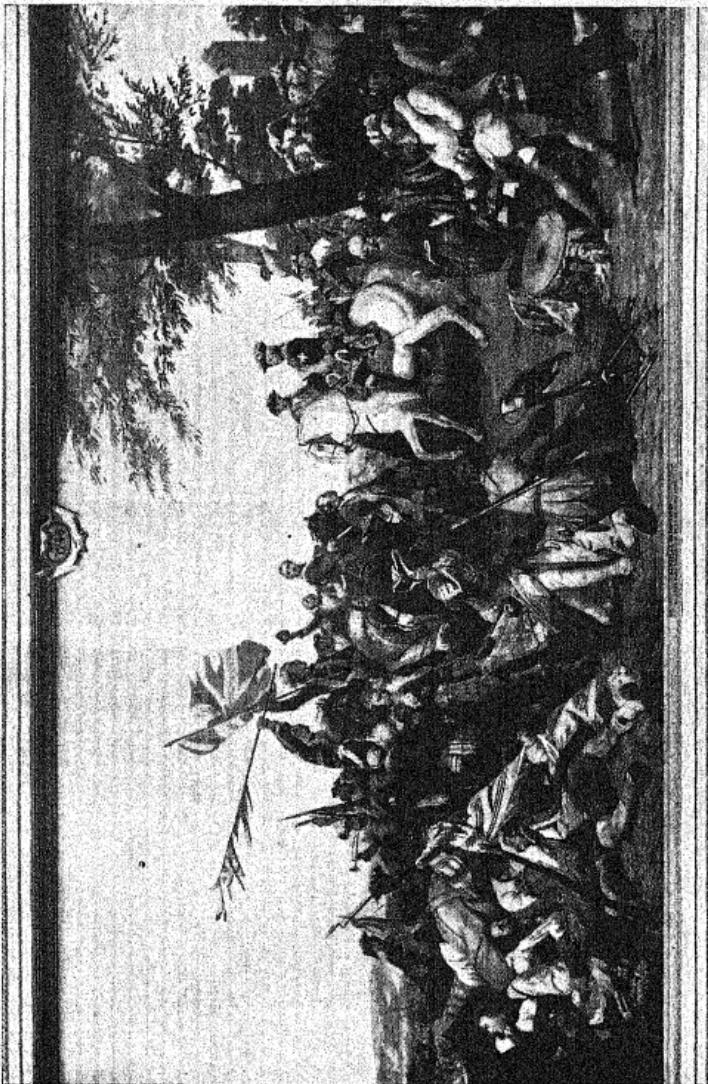
CHAPTER XXXIX.—FREDERICK THE GREAT AND MARIA THERESA

IN the year 1740 the Emperor Charles VI. died, and left no son to succeed him. But he had a daughter named Maria Theresa, to whom he handed down his family possessions—Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia. She became known by her highest title as Queen of Hungary.

She could not become Empress on the death of her father, because this dignity was only conferred after election by the Princes of Germany. At her coronation as Queen of Hungary she went through a ceremony which had been performed for many generations. She galloped on horseback to the top of a hill known as the Konigsberg or King's Hill. There she reined in her horse and drew her sabre. Flourishing it above her head, she pointed with it to the four quarters of the heavens as a sign that she would defend her kingdom against all comers.

Before long she had need to unsheathe the sword in defence of her rights. Several Princes of Europe laid claim to her possessions, and in a short time she had to face a union of the forces of Prussia, Bavaria, and France. She was, however, a young Princess of great courage, and the prospect of a desperate struggle did not daunt her in the least.

“As for the brave young Queen of Hungary,” writes Carlyle, “my admiration goes with that of all the world. Not in the language of flattery, but of evident



THE BATTLE OF PONTEVOY.

(From the painting by H. Fernet, Neuville, Photo.)

fact, the royal qualities abound in that high young lady. Most brave, high, and pious-minded, beautiful, too, and radiant with good-nature, though of temper that will easily catch fire ; there is perhaps no nobler woman then living. And she fronts the roaring elements in a truly grand feminine manner, as if Heaven itself and the voice of duty called her. ‘The lands which our fathers have left us, we will not part with these. Death, if it must be so ; but not dishonour ! ’ ”

Frederick of Prussia laid his hands upon her province of Silesia ; the forces of France and Bavaria overran Austria. Then Maria Theresa fled to Presburg in Hungary, and called the nobles of her kingdom to her aid. They came readily in answer to her call.

“ It is but three months,” writes Carlyle, “ since she galloped to the top of the Konigsberg and cut defiantly with bright sabre towards the four points of the world, and already it has come to this. Hungarian lords are seated in high session when the Queen enters, beautiful and sad, and among her Ministers is seen a nurse with the young Archduke, some six months old, a fine thriving child.

“ Her Majesty coming forward to speak, took the child in her arms, and there in a clear, melodiously piercing voice, sorrow and courage on her noble face, beautiful as the moon riding among wet stormy clouds, spoke as follows :

“ ‘ Hostile invasion of Austria ! Great peril to this kingdom of Hungary, to our person, to our children, to our crown ! Forsaken by all, I throw myself on your loyalty and help, and ask you to rise swiftly and

save me.' Whereupon the assembled Hungarians, their wild hearts touched to the core, start to their feet, flourish aloft their drawn swords, and shout, *'Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa!'*

England, then under George II., came to the help of the Queen of Hungary, and the fighting began. King George took the field himself, and at the Battle of Dettingen, near the Main, the British troops under him defeated the French. This was the last time that a King of our country took part in a battle.

Two years later the husband of Maria Theresa was chosen Emperor, and the brave Queen of course became Empress. She really ruled for her husband, who was a weak, amiable man, quite content to leave affairs in the hands of his high-spirited wife. Meanwhile the war went on. The British troops were beaten at Fontenoy by the French, and the Empress was after a while forced to give up Silesia to Frederick of Prussia. But she watched her opportunity to recover her lost province. Meanwhile in Britain the Young Pretender was making the brave but unsuccessful attempt to win the crown to which we have already referred.

Maria Theresa saw her chance in the year 1756. She was able to get on her side France, Russia, Sweden, as well as several German Princes, but England now joined Frederick against her. Then began what was known as the Seven Years' War, in which Frederick proved his greatness as a general.

At Rossbach he beat the French, who had tried to march round him and cut him off from Prussia. "Seldom, almost never, not even at Crecy and Poictiers,

was an army better beaten." At Leuthen he beat the Austrians, and after winning the victory said to his generals: "This day will bring the renown of your name and of the nation's to the latest posterity." At Zorndorf he conquered the Russians after a fight of three days, and one of the most furious ever fought in the history of the world. But at Hochkirch he suffered a check at the hands of the Austrians, and later Russia joined with Austria to inflict upon him a heavy defeat at Künersdorf.

"It is towards six o'clock ; the swelling sun is now fallen low and veiled ; gray evening sinking over these wastes. 'Is there not one ball that can reach me, then ?' cried Frederick in despair. Such a day he had never thought to see. The pillar of the State, the Prussian army gone to pieces in this manner. Frederick still struggles, exhorts, commands, entreats even with tears, 'Children, don't forsake me at this pinch !' but all ears are deaf. One regiment still stood by their guns covering their retreat. But the retreat is more and more a flight."

The case of the Prussian King went from bad to worse. But he was saved by the death of the Russian Tsaritsa Elizabeth. The new Tsar, Peter III., joined himself with Frederick, and before long the war came to an end, and Silesia remained in the hands of the Prussian monarch.

CHAPTER XL.—BRITAIN AND THE SEVEN
YEARS' WAR.

THE Seven Years' War was not merely a struggle between Frederick of Prussia and Maria Theresa for the province of Silesia. We have already said that England was on one side and France on the other, and a great deal of fighting took place between the armies of these two countries which had nothing to do with Silesia or even with Europe.

The questions at issue were these—(1) to whom was North America to belong and (2) who was to be supreme in India? And in both these parts of the world, far removed from the battlefields of Europe, the matter was fought out. In both places Britain was the conqueror, the chief heroes of the struggle being Wolfe in America and Clive in India.

In the same year that Frederick the Great routed the French at Rossbach, Clive won the Battle of Plassey in India. Every boy and girl knows the story of the tragedy of the "Black Hole of Calcutta," which was one of the immediate causes of the great battle. But our concern is here to connect the struggle in far-away India with events in Central and Western Europe.

For a long time the French had carried on a large and profitable trade with India, and they hoped to establish themselves so firmly in that country that they would hold the chief power. They sent out an official named Dupleix, a very clever man, who in a short time secured the friendship of some of the most

powerful of the Native Princes, and it seemed as if, under his guidance, the French might in time really become masters of India.

But Robert Clive, an official in the service of the East India Company, spoilt his plans, and in time it was the British, and not the French, who became rulers of India. It was a long time before it was finally settled, but it may truly be said that the foundations of our Indian Empire were laid in the time of Clive. Now let us see what happened in North America.

In that continent the French had been for a long time firmly established in the neighbourhood of the Great Lakes, and near the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. They also took possession of the region round the mouth of the Mississippi, calling it Louisiana, in honour of the Grand Monarch of whom we have read so much. Their next step was to set up a line of forts to connect what were known as the "two Canadas" with Louisiana.

But on the Atlantic seaboard there were now a number of thriving British colonies which were founded about the time of the Stuart Kings; and when the French began to make the attempt to shut off these colonies from the lands which lay to the westward, it soon became clear that the two nations could not share the North American continent between them. One must go down before the other, and before long the great struggle had begun.

It went on for a long time, but it was at last finally settled during the time when Frederick and Maria Theresa were fighting for Silesia. The chief hero of

the struggle was General James Wolfe, as we have said. But the man who chose him out from the crowd of generals of his time, and sent him to "take Quebec," was the great English statesman William Pitt, who afterwards became Earl of Chatham.

When he came into power the country was in a very low state, and needed a capable leader. "I am sure," he said, "that I can save the country, and that no one else can." And he did save it. The people trusted him, and he taught them to trust themselves. It was said that "no man entered his room who did not come out of it a braver man."

He took in hand the management of the war. From that time everything changed, and the British gained one great victory after another; and one of the greatest, so far as results went, was Wolfe's capture of the capital of the French-Canadian province of Quebec.

The details of the story of this capture* do not belong to this book, which is chiefly concerned with events in Europe. But we must take careful note of the effects of the capture. We lost our brave young general, James Wolfe, who fell in the hour of victory, but we won the great country of Canada, which is now such an important part of our Empire. This great event, moreover, marks a stage in the gradual advance of Britain as a European Power at the expense of France.

Under Louis XIV. France had been easily first among the nations of Europe. But now our own country was coming steadily to the front. She could

* See Book IV. of this series, p. 89.

not hope to extend her territories in Europe, nor had she any desire to do so. But she could widen her influence and extend her borders in lands beyond the sea.

We see her doing this while the Seven Years' War was going on in Europe. Frederick and Maria Theresa fought chiefly for the small province of Silesia. But France and Britain fought for greater prizes—for some of the richest parts of the New World, and for the control of India.

CHAPTER XLI.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

GEORGE II. died in the year following that of the Battle of Quebec. He was succeeded by George III., who reigned for sixty years—one of the longest reigns in British history. Many important events took place during this reign, but most of them we can group round two great upheavals or revolutions. One was the American Revolution, the other the French Revolution.

We shall learn something about each of these in turn. Though the American Revolution took place thousands of miles away from Europe, we shall see that it had a close connection with the history and fortunes of the nations in that continent.

The war with France in North America had been carried on chiefly for the benefit of our colonies near the Atlantic seaboard of that country. It had cost Britain a great deal of money, and it seemed quite fair



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

(From an engraving after John Trumbull.)

that the colonists should bear some of this expense themselves. A tax was therefore laid upon them, which made them very angry. They said that as they sent no members to the British House of Commons, they ought not to pay taxes imposed by that body. The tax was therefore taken off, to the great delight of the colonists.

But after a while others were put on by certain Ministers of King George, who thought it weakness on the part of the Mother Country to give way to the American colonies in this manner. These new taxes were laid on tea, glass, paper, and a few other things.

The colonists were more angry than ever. They would not use any of the articles on which the tax was laid. There were riots everywhere, but no judge or jury would punish the rioters. Then all the taxes but that on tea were taken off again. This one was kept to remind the colonists that the Mother Country still claimed the right to tax them.

For three years after this the colonists kept quiet, but a storm was brewing. At the end of this time a large quantity of tea was sent to Boston, the chief port in the northern or New England colonies of America. The people of the city made up their minds that it should not be landed. One evening about fifty men, disguised as Red Indians, rushed down to the quay, boarded the tea-ships, split open the chests, and threw all the tea into the harbour. This was known as the "Boston tea-party."

Thus the great quarrel began. George III. and most of his advisers were in no mood to treat with the

colonists, though the great Minister, Chatham, was in favour of treating them as free sons of Britain, as indeed they were. Very soon the colonists and the British troops were fighting. Then the chief men among the colonists met together, and drew up a paper in which they declared that they would no longer obey King George and the British Parliament.

This was known as the Declaration of Independence. Many of the leading men among the colonists did not wish to separate from the Mother Country, but they were overruled, and the great step was taken which created a new nation.

The chief leader of the Americans in this struggle was George Washington. He was a wealthy country gentleman of the colony of Virginia, who had fought bravely against the French during the Seven Years' War.

Washington was a quiet, modest man, who never thought about himself, but was ready to bear anything for the sake of his country. Although hot-tempered by nature, he had trained himself to be very patient, calm, and just. People knew that nothing on earth would make him tell a lie or break a promise, or do a mean action. He was wise in giving advice, but he was not very quick in thinking or acting.

The best thing about him was that he never let difficulties discourage him, but just went on quietly doing his best. His men were hardy fellows and capital shots, but they were not easy to manage. The new Government did not pay them regularly or send them enough food. Very often they were nearly

starving. No one but Washington could have kept such an army together at all.

But though often beaten he did not despair, nor did he miss any chance of success. It is not the place here to follow the campaign closely, as our purpose is to show how it was connected with the history of Europe. In the year after that of the Declaration of Independence the new nation was joined by France. Money, soldiers, and ships were sent over from that country, and a promise was made that France would support the United States until the struggle was brought to a successful end.

About a year later Spain also declared war against us, and began a siege of Gibraltar. Our country was at the time in very great danger. The French and Spanish fleets sailed up and down the Channel, and there was no British fleet strong enough to fight them. Before long Holland also joined our enemies, and we had scarcely a friend in Europe. In India a powerful Native Prince thought he saw his chance of driving us out of the country, and began a war on his own account. Thus we see that the American War was really part of a great movement against us. Let us see how we came out of the struggle.

Six years after the commencement of the war the British army in America, under Cornwallis, was shut up in Yorktown, a seaport in Virginia. The Americans hemmed them in on the land side, and the French fleet blocked them up by sea. Cornwallis was at last forced to surrender with his whole army. When the news reached England it was felt that it was of no use

to struggle longer. The independence of the United States was now recognised by the British. So we lost our American colonies, except, of course, Canada.

Meanwhile the British had been holding out in Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of both France and Spain. In September, 1782, the two fleets made a determined attack upon the town. They had with them ten huge floating batteries carrying great guns. These were brought to within half a mile of the fortress, and opened a tremendous fire upon it.

But the brave British commander, General Elliot, fired red-hot cannon-balls at them, set them on fire one after another, and destroyed them all. A few days later a British fleet under Lord Howe came in sight, and after a siege of three years Gibraltar was at last relieved. After this France and Spain made peace with Britain.

So the great struggle came to an end. Six years after peace had been signed there began the French Revolution, of which we shall read in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XLII.—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—I.

LET us look back a little. You may remember how in the time of our Charles I. there was a great struggle between King and Parliament as to who was to rule the land, and how Parliament won. At the same time, as we have seen in a previous chapter, a somewhat similar struggle went on in France, and the King won. In that country the people had to wait a

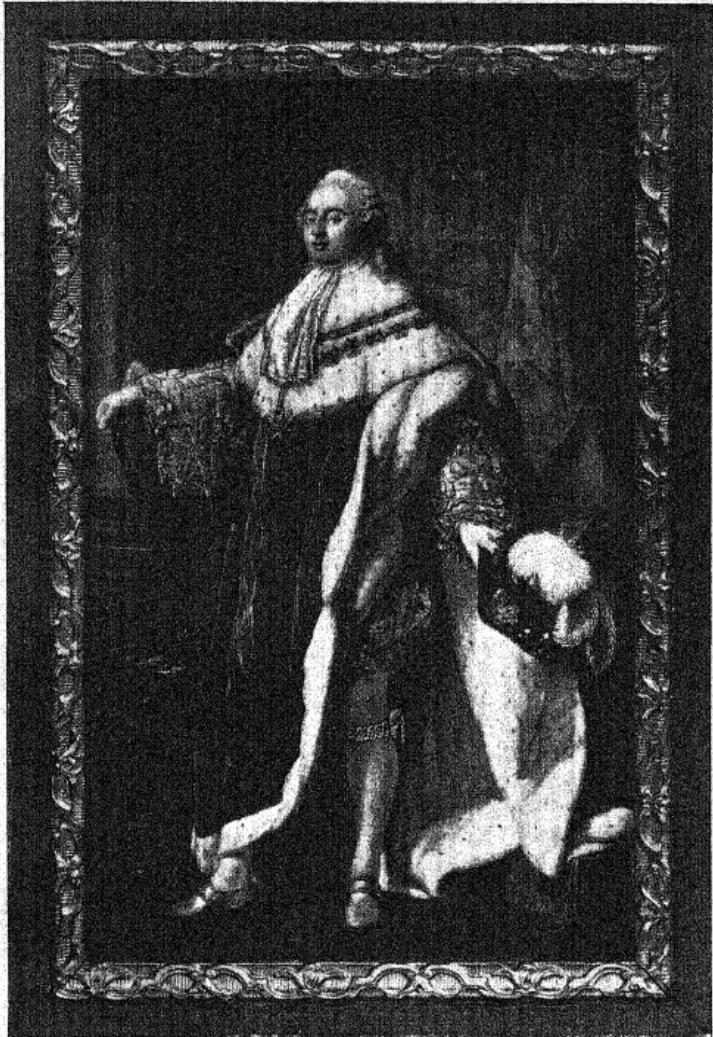
long time for their share in the government. How they finally won it we are now to find out.

Under Louis XIV. the Crown was supreme, and when he died this King handed down to his successor, Louis XV., a power over the lives of his subjects such as few kings of modern times have ever held. The new King was very extravagant, keeping up a splendid Court at a time when the country was deeply in debt owing to the long wars in Europe, in India, and in America.

Heavy taxes were laid upon the French people, but not on the nobles or clergy. The traders and peasants had to find the money, while the latter class might be called upon at any time to give labour free to the owners of the estates on which they lived.

"The old salt-tax had gone on ever since the time of Joan of Arc, and every member of a family had to pay it, not according to what they used, but what they were supposed to need. Every pig was rated at what he ought to require for salting. Every cow, sheep, or hen had a toll to pay to King, Lord, Bishop—sometimes also to priest and abbey. The peasant was called off from his own work to give the dues of labour to the roads or to his lord. He might not spread manure that would interfere with the game, nor drive away the partridges that ate his corn. So scanty were his crops that famines slaying thousands passed unnoticed, and even if, by any wonder, prosperity smiled on the peasant he durst not live in any kind of comfort lest the stewards of his lord or of Government should pounce on his hardly earned wealth."*

* Charlotte M. Yonge.



KING LOUIS XVI. OF FRANCE.

(From the painting by Callet. Neurdein, Photo.)

Even in the days of the Grand Monarch there had been discontent among the people, though it had not broken out. But as time went on murmurs began to be heard. Why should the nobles and clergy be free from the taxes? Why should not the people have a share in ruling the land? Why, indeed, asked a few, should there be Kings and nobles at all? The people of the United States had lately set themselves free from the British Government. Why should not France also strike a blow for freedom?

One day someone said to Louis XV. that he and his nobles were living on the edge of a volcano. He replied that he knew it, but that it would last his time. It did, but the eruption came in the reign of the next King, Louis XVI.

The new King was a slow, dull man, kind of heart, but lacking in strength of mind. He married Marie Antoinette, the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, of whom we read in previous chapters. She was in many respects a noble woman, but the people hated her because she was of the House of Austria, the old foe of France.

Louis tried to allay the discontent of the people in several ways, but they wanted a share in the government. Only by this means, they said, could things be set right. So the King in 1789 called together a kind of Parliament, known as the States-General, which had not met more than a dozen times during five hundred years.

The States-General met, and before long the members turned the body into what they called the National

Assembly. In this body the Commons were numerous enough to outvote the nobles and clergy.

The King took alarm, and collected troops. Then the people of Paris formed a National Guard for their own defence. A story was spread about that the King had ordered the commander of the Bastille, a strong fortress and prison in the centre of Paris, to turn his guns on the city. A great mob at once marched on the fortress, stormed it, killed its defenders, and razed it to the ground. "Why, this is a revolt," said Louis slowly, when he heard the news. "No, sire," was the reply of one near to him, "it is a revolution!"

The rising in the capital was soon followed by others in different parts of the country. King and nobles were in great fear, and the new Assembly got Louis to promise to make a change in the order of government. The monarch was now to be known as the "King of the French"—that is, the people's King, and not the owner of France; the making of laws was to be in the hands of the Assembly; titles and privileges of nobility were to be swept away; all citizens were to be equal in the eyes of the law.

An amusing story with regard to the doing away with titles is told in the following lines :

"'Antoine,' said Mirabeau, returning gay
From the Assembly, 'on and from this day
Nobility's abolished—men are men—
No title henceforth used but Citizen !
A new thrice-glorious era dawns for France !
And now, my bath.' 'Yes, Citizen.' A glance

Even in the days of the Grand Monarch there had been discontent among the people, though it had not broken out. But as time went on murmurs began to be heard. Why should the nobles and clergy be free from the taxes? Why should not the people have a share in ruling the land? Why, indeed, asked a few, should there be Kings and nobles at all? The people of the United States had lately set themselves free from the British Government. Why should not France also strike a blow for freedom?

One day someone said to Louis XV. that he and his nobles were living on the edge of a volcano. He replied that he knew it, but that it would last his time. It did, but the eruption came in the reign of the next King, Louis XVI.

The new King was a slow, dull man, kind of heart, but lacking in strength of mind. He married Marie Antoinette, the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, of whom we read in previous chapters. She was in many respects a noble woman, but the people hated her because she was of the House of Austria, the old foe of France.

Louis tried to allay the discontent of the people in several ways, but they wanted a share in the government. Only by this means, they said, could things be set right. So the King in 1789 called together a kind of Parliament, known as the States-General, which had not met more than a dozen times during five hundred years.

The States-General met, and before long the members turned the body into what they called the National

Assembly. In this body the Commons were numerous enough to outvote the nobles and clergy.

The King took alarm, and collected troops. Then the people of Paris formed a National Guard for their own defence. A story was spread about that the King had ordered the commander of the Bastille, a strong fortress and prison in the centre of Paris, to turn his guns on the city. A great mob at once marched on the fortress, stormed it, killed its defenders, and razed it to the ground. "Why, this is a revolt," said Louis slowly, when he heard the news. "No, sire," was the reply of one near to him, "it is a revolution!"

The rising in the capital was soon followed by others in different parts of the country. King and nobles were in great fear, and the new Assembly got Louis to promise to make a change in the order of government. The monarch was now to be known as the "King of the French"—that is, the people's King, and not the owner of France; the making of laws was to be in the hands of the Assembly; titles and privileges of nobility were to be swept away; all citizens were to be equal in the eyes of the law.

An amusing story with regard to the doing away with titles is told in the following lines :

"'Antoine,' said Mirabeau, returning gay
From the Assembly, 'on and from this day
Nobility's abolished—men are men—
No title henceforth used but Citizen !
A new thrice-glorious era dawns for France !
And now, my bath.' 'Yes, Citizen.' A glance

Of flame the huge man at his servant shot ;
Then wallowing sea-god-like, ‘Antoine ! more hot,’
He growls, ‘Here, Citizen.’ A hand of wrath
Gripped Antoine’s head, and soused it in the bath ;—
He spluttering, dripping, trembling—‘Rascal ! know,’
His master thundered as he let him go,
‘With you I still remain Count Mirabeau ! ’ ”

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—II.

BUT the steps taken by the King and the Assembly did not bring peace and order to France. King Louis was distrusted, and was very closely watched, becoming almost a prisoner in the royal palace of Versailles, near Paris. Then a report got about Paris that the army was on the King’s side, and a great crowd flocked out to Versailles and brought the Royal Family back to the capital as prisoners.

The nobles were looked upon as the worst enemies of the country, and in many parts of the land there were risings of the peasants against them. Numbers of them fled from the country, some across the eastern frontier, others across the Channel to England.

After a while some of these nobles began to seek foreign aid against the leaders of the Revolution, and soon an army of Prussians and Austrians was marching on the north-east frontier of France. This roused the fury of the people. An attack was made upon the royal palace ; the King and his family were seized and

NAMING THE VICTIMS OF THE TERROR.

(From the painting by Mme. Nordetta, Photo.)



placed in prison. There was great fear that the nobles in prison would join with the invaders, so they were murdered wholesale.

The invaders were driven back. Then the leaders of the Revolution decided that France should no longer be ruled by a King. They declared the country a republic, and a party of them began a crusade against the nobles and their friends. Not long before, a machine called the guillotine had been invented for executing criminals by beheading them. One of these engines was set up in the market-place of each of the chief towns, and scores of people were put to death on a charge of "conspiring against the nation."

There were now many signs that the nations of Europe were growing very uneasy at the course of events in France. But the leaders of the Revolution did not care. "Let us throw them," said one named Danton, "the head of a King in defiance."

So the King was brought out of his prison and put on his trial, like our own Charles I. of a hundred and fifty years earlier, as an enemy of the people. He was found guilty, but the proposal to behead him was only carried by a majority of one. This reminds us of the majority for declaring the independence of our American colonies. Strangely enough, there was in the French Assembly an American who had taken part in that great movement across the Atlantic. His name was Thomas Paine, and he sided with the King. "The man whom you would put to death," he said, "is looked upon by the people of the United States as their best friend." But the fate of the King was sealed.

He was carried off to the guillotine and beheaded in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

Then came the time which is known as the Reign of Terror. Everyone who was thought to have any connection with the hated aristocrats was hunted to death. Paris was a scene of wild disorder and butchery. The Revolutionists divided into two parties—the Jacobins and Girondists—and before long they began to fight each other. The people of Lyons rose in favour of the latter, and an army was sent against them.

"The army took with them a guillotine on wheels for the purpose of beheading all prisoners of war. But, quick as was the guillotine in its fatal work, it was too slow for the impatient soldiers. They massed their prisoners in the public squares, and mowed them down with grapeshot. The general in command swore that he would not cease the work of destruction until he had levelled the rebellious city to the ground. Then, when the last rebel was slain, and the last stone overthrown, he declared that he would set up a monument with the inscription, 'Lyon resisted liberty—Lyon is no more.'"

Among the most prominent leaders of the Revolutionary party were Danton, already mentioned, Marat, and Robespierre. Each of the three came to a violent end during this time of horror. Danton and Robespierre were beheaded, and Marat paid for his hideous cruelty by death at the hands of a young girl named Charlotte Corday. She was a native of Normandy, and believed it to be her duty to rid France of this monster. So she gained access to him, and while he

was jotting down the names of fresh victims she stabbed him to the heart. She met her death on the guillotine with marvellous courage.

Though Marat was dead, the Reign of Terror was not yet ended. The Queen was now brought from her prison and placed upon her trial. Imprisonment and trouble had made her old before her time. To her savage judges she said with quiet dignity : “ I was a Queen, and you took away my crown ; a wife, and you killed my husband ; a mother, and you robbed me of my children. My blood alone remains. Take it, but do not make me suffer long.” After a mockery of a trial she was condemned to die. The only mercy shown to her was that for which she had begged. She was executed on the day of her trial.

Religion was now declared to be abolished. In the cathedral of Notre Dame the people of Paris bowed down before a woman who was enthroned as the “ Goddess of Reason.” “ In future,” it was said, “ we want no other worship but that of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.” Everything, in fact, was to be changed. The months were renamed from the weather and the seasons—the Frosty, the Rainy, the Hot, and so on. The calendar was abolished, and men were no more to reckon the years from the Birth of Christ, but from the “ year one ” of the French Republic (1792).

In time this madness spent itself, and the governing power passed into the hands of more moderate men, who formed what was called the Directory. The rule of the bloodthirsty mob was at an end. The Reign of

Terror was over, and the attention of the people of France was turned to wars with surrounding nations.

The Sovereigns of Europe were terrified at the course events had taken in France. They thought that their own subjects might join together against themselves, so they began to combine in order to attack the new Republic. Thus began the world-shaking wars of the French Revolution, of which we shall read in our next chapters.

CHAPTER XLIV.—BRITAIN AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

At first many people in England approved of the rising in France, for they thought the French would end in setting up a Parliament like our own, and that France would then be a happy and prosperous country. Then, as we have seen, some of the French nobles took refuge in England. They brought news of the violent doings in France, and of their own sufferings and losses. Then many people began to change their minds, and wished to go to war with the Revolutionists.

At this time William Pitt, the son of the great Lord Chatham, was Prime Minister of England. He had become so when he was only twenty-four years of age, and he kept this high office for seventeen years. Pitt was as great a statesman as his father. He saw that England needed rest to recover her place among the nations, and he wished to carry out many plans for

the good of the people. But he knew that they could only be carried out in time of peace.

He was therefore strongly against going to war with the French. But when Louis XVI. was executed, Pitt could not hold back the people any longer, even if France had not taken the first step, and in that same year declared war on Britain.

The armies of the French Republic were at first successful. They defeated the troops which were sent against them. Then they began to invade the neighbouring countries in order to set up republics there. They conquered Holland, and forced the Dutch to join them against England. Spain also became an ally of France. The other nations made peace with her one after another, and Britain for a time had to carry on the great struggle single-handed.

It was in these wars that our great enemy Napoleon Bonaparte rose to power. His parents were Italians, living in the island of Corsica, which belonged to France, but he entered the French army when he was a boy. He became an officer of artillery, and first distinguished himself at Toulon, where he fought on the side of the Republic.

In 1796 he was sent into Northern Italy to meet the Austrians. He beat them in several brilliant engagements, and set up a republic in Northern Italy under the protection of France. This was the work of about two months.

So far the war had been going well for us. Two years before Napoleon conquered Italy our fleet, under Lord Howe, had won a great victory off Brest over the

French fleet. This was the battle which was known as the "glorious first of June." But when Napoleon rose to power, and Spain and Holland joined the French against us, we were in great danger indeed.

In 1797 it was arranged that the French and Spanish fleets should join and get command of the English Channel, and that the Dutch fleet should then carry over an army to invade Ireland. Our Admirals were ordered to keep the fleets apart. Admiral Jervis, aided by Nelson, dealt with the Spaniards, winning a great victory over them off Cape St. Vincent in Portugal. It was in this great fight that Nelson first showed what was in him, and the victory was chiefly due to him. In order to carry out his purpose, however, he disobeyed the orders of the Admiral, and after the battle an officer pointed this out to Jervis.

"He certainly did disobey orders," said the Admiral coolly, "and if ever *you* commit such a breach of your orders, I will forgive you as readily as I forgive him."

Meanwhile Admiral Duncan was watching the Dutch fleet in the North Sea to prevent it from joining the French. At this moment, when everything depended upon our fleet, the sailors on the ships at Spithead and off the mouth of the Thames broke out into open mutiny.

The mutiny spread to Duncan's ships, and all but two left him and sailed away. With these two, however, Duncan remained at his post. He pretended that his other vessels were only a little way out at sea, and kept on making signals as if they could be seen. In this way the Dutch were deceived, and

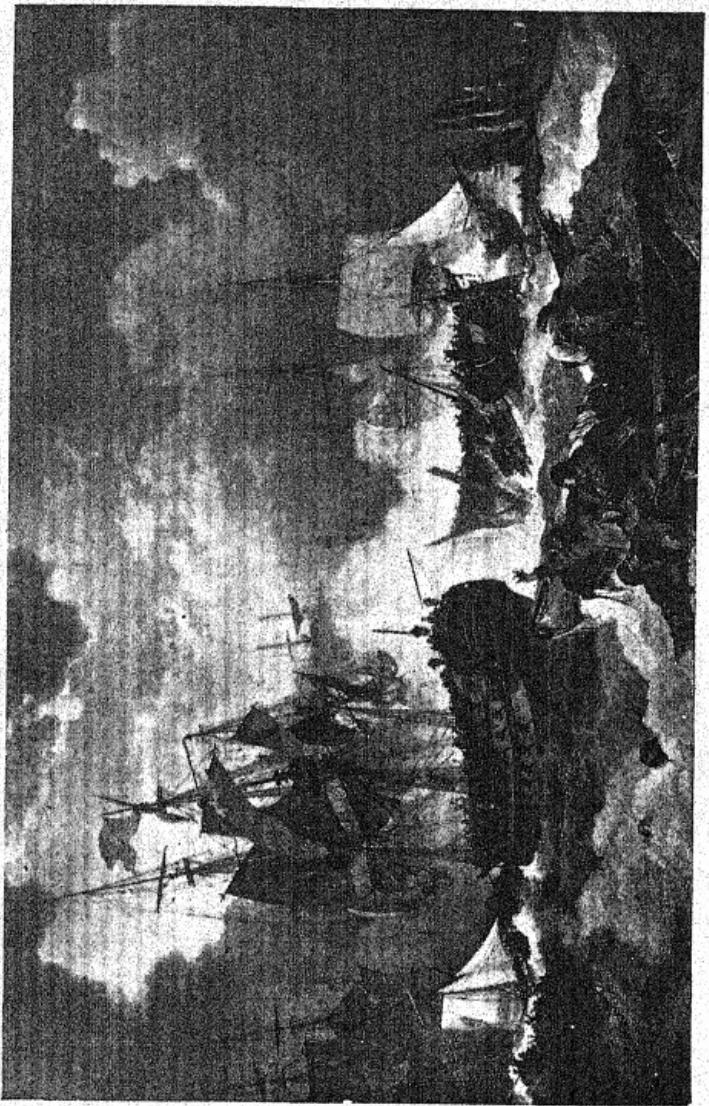
when at last they came out to fight, the mutiny was over, Duncan had his ships again, and at the Battle of Camperdown was able to defeat the enemy.

In the next year Napoleon set sail for Egypt, which he wished to conquer as the first step towards driving us out of India, which he thought was the great source of all our wealth. He landed his troops, and soon made himself master of Egypt. Meanwhile Nelson was sailing up and down the Mediterranean trying to find out where he had gone.

At last he found the French ships lying at anchor in a long line in Aboukir Bay. Although there was very little room between them and the low sandy coast, Nelson boldly sent half his ships inside the enemy's line, and kept the other half outside, so that each French vessel could be fired into on both sides at once.

The battle began and raged all night long. Nelson was slightly wounded, and a surgeon came at once to attend to him. "No," said the heroic Admiral, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." While he lay in his cabin he heard that the French Admiral's ship was on fire, and he gave orders that boats should be sent to save as many of the enemy as possible. The French fought bravely, but eleven of their thirteen ships were taken or burned, and the victory was complete. This "Battle of the Nile" was one of the greatest of the world's sea-fights.

The French ships having been destroyed, Napoleon and his army were prisoners in Egypt, and the French leader soon had to give up his designs on India. Hearing that during his absence war had begun again in



"THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE."

Europe, and that the French armies had been beaten, Bonaparte returned alone to France.

There he was able to persuade the people that their misfortunes were due to the men at the head of affairs, and he got himself chosen as First Consul of the French. He had now more power in his hands than any French King had ever had. So that France had put down one absolute ruler only to set up another.

Napoleon was, however, a great ruler. He drew up new, and in many respects excellent, laws for the people. He restored the Christian religion. He did what he could, and that was a great deal, for trade, commerce, and education. In short, he restored law and order in the land, which had not enjoyed such luxuries for a very long time.

CHAPTER XLV.—THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON had now made himself master of France. But he had a still greater ambition, which was to be master of Europe. For the next fifteen years the history of Europe centres round him and round the two great men who checked his ambition and brought him to his knees. The latter were Nelson and Wellington.

After getting himself made First Consul, he began his career of foreign conquest. In the year 1800 he planned a campaign against Austria, which country, as we already know, was closely connected with Italy.

"With a great map of Italy spread out before him," writes a historian, "he planned the whole campaign

before he left Paris. He designated the different armies by different colours. 'Here,' said he to his astonished secretary, 'the Austrian general will pass by Turin. Here he will fall back towards Alessandria. At this point I shall cross the River Po. I shall meet the enemy on the plains, and there,' said he, sticking a pin into the map near Marengo—'there I shall fight and beat him.'

"To make the movement a complete surprise to the enemy, Napoleon conceived the idea of crossing the Alps. The general who was sent to examine routes proposed that of the Grand St. Bernard, but added that the undertaking would be difficult. 'Difficult, of course,' replied Napoleon. 'The only question is, Is it possible?' 'Yes,' was the response, 'providing we make extraordinary efforts.' 'Enough,' said Napoleon; 'let us start at once.'

"The march began at midnight. It was soon found that the cannon could not be dragged on wheels up the heights and through the snow. The guns were accordingly taken from the carriages, and each was placed in a log hollowed out to receive it; then a hundred men were harnessed to the gun and began to drag it forward. When the obstacles grew serious, and the team slackened its pace, the bands played lively music to encourage them. When the snow grew so deep and the road so steep that advance seemed impossible, the drummers beat the charge. Then the men with loud cheers dashed forward as if storming the enemy's works, and up went the guns.

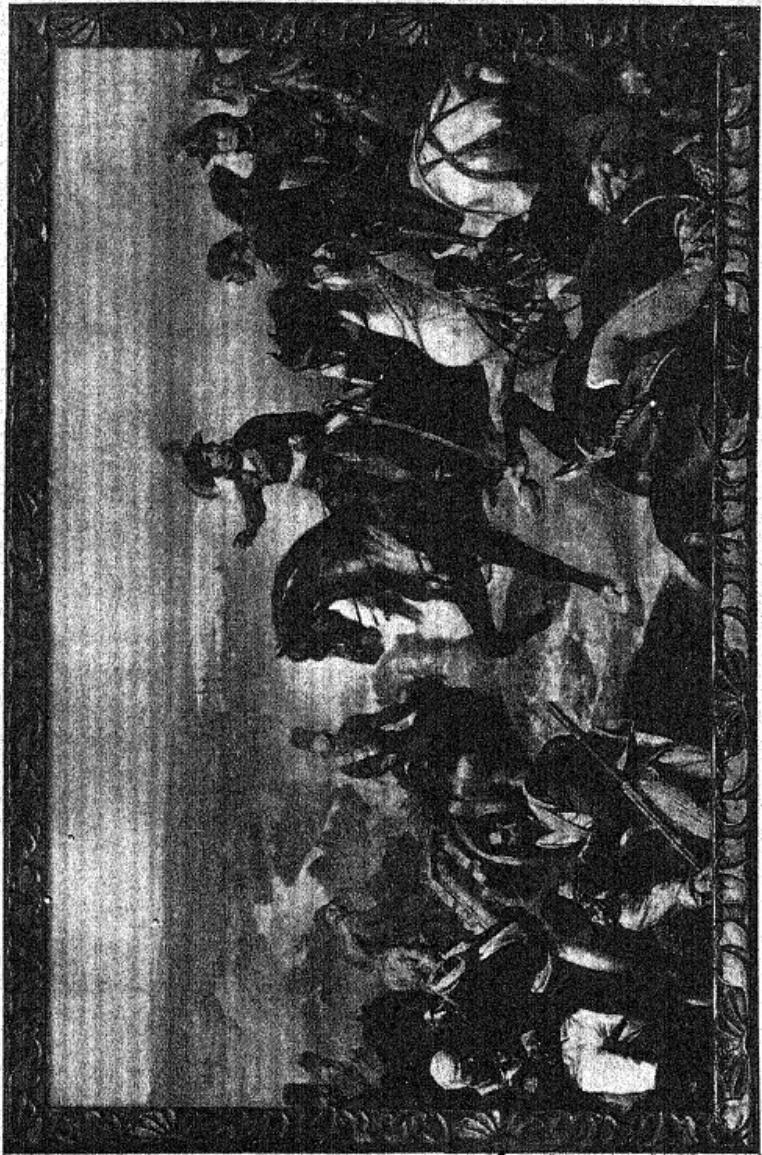
"Thus they advanced until they reached a narrow

defile which the Austrians had strongly fortified. There the army separated. Part went round the fort in single file, following a goat-track over the rocks ; the others dragged the artillery by in the night under a furious fire from the enemy. Thus within six days Napoleon, with thirty-five thousand men, passed over a rocky, snow-covered barrier more than eight thousand feet high, and came down like an avalanche on the plains of Italy." Then at Marengo he defeated the Austrians, just as he had planned.

In the same year his general, Moreau, inflicted another great defeat on the Austrians at Hohenlinden. Then, under Napoleon's advice, the three Northern nations, Denmark, Russia, and Sweden, entered into a league to keep British trade out of the Baltic.

A cautious old British Admiral, Sir Hyde Parker, was now sent into the Baltic, with Nelson as his second in command. When they drew near to Copenhagen, Parker gave Nelson permission to attack the Danish fleet, while he himself with some of the British ships remained a little way off.

The Danish fleet was so placed that it was very difficult for Nelson to get at it, and the Danes fought desperately. It was, as Nelson said, "warm work," though "Hark you," he added, "I would not be anywhere else for a thousand pounds." Just as he was beginning to gain an advantage the Admiral signalled to him to draw off. Nelson at first took no notice of the signal ; when his attention was called to it he turned to a captain who was standing by, and said : " You know I have only one eye ; I have a right



THE CAPTURE OF ZURICH BY NAPOLEON.

(From the painting by Bouchet. Neuvillein, Photo.)

to be blind sometimes." And then, laughingly putting his telescope to his blind eye, he exclaimed: "I really do not see the signal!" He went on fighting until the Danes surrendered, and a little later the league of the Northern nations was broken up.

In the following year Napoleon made peace with Britain, but chiefly because he wished for time to prepare for the invasion of the stubborn little island which had defied him for so long. After a rest of thirteen months he provoked Britain into declaring war once more.

Then he collected a great army of his best troops and hundreds of boats at Boulogne, and thought it would be very easy some calm, foggy night to get his soldiers across what he called "the ditch," and be marching on London next morning. From the cliffs of Dover the English on a clear day could see his great camp at Boulogne. There was, as may be expected, great excitement, and thousands of volunteers offered themselves to fight for their country against the would-be invaders.

It was about this time that Napoleon took a further step in his wonderful career. After the discovery of certain plots against his life he had himself crowned in Notre Dame as "Emperor" of the French. We must pause to consider what this meant. How was it that he came to take a title—that of Emperor—which of right belonged to the Emperor Francis II., who reigned in Vienna as head of the Holy Roman Empire?

The French had always claimed Charlemagne as belonging to their nation, and, strange as it may seem,

Napoleon saw in himself the successor not only of the great Frankish Emperor, but also the Cæsars of Rome. His aim was to revive and magnify the glories of *the* Empire, to bring all Europe within its boundaries, and to occupy himself the throne of Charlemagne and Cæsar Augustus.

He therefore summoned the Pope to Paris for his coronation, and in the great cathedral was anointed as Emperor. But the act of crowning he performed himself, as a sign that the spiritual power was subject to his own.

His claim was, of course, absurd, and his "empire" was a new and strange thing, unknown before in European history. But this event really marks the death of the empire founded by Charlemagne. Two years later the real Emperor, Francis II. of Austria, gave up once for all the imperial title, and the Holy Roman Empire came to an end. Henceforth the ruler at Vienna was to be known as the Emperor of Austria, and the title of "*the* Emperor" had lost its original meaning.

CHAPTER XLVI.—THE WORLD VICTOR.

MEANWHILE the preparations for the invasion of our country went on apace. Every day the French army at Boulogne practised embarking so as not to lose a moment if a chance came.

But the chance never came. Our Admirals were too much on the alert for that. Bonaparte began to

understand that he must have a powerful fleet to cover the crossing of his army. At last he persuaded the Spanish King, who had a great navy, to join him against England. At the same time a French fleet, which Nelson had been keeping prisoner in Toulon harbour, managed to get out.

The French Admiral, Villeneuve, then hurried away to Cadiz, where he was joined by the Spanish fleet. Then both went off at top speed to the West Indies. Nelson hurried after them, but the enemy turned back and steered for Brest, while the British Admiral was seeking them on the other side of the Atlantic.

Nelson turned back, and soon met a ship from which he gained the news that the French were on the way to Brest. So he sent this news to England, and then kept up his chase. Before Villeneuve got into the Bay of Biscay he was met by Admiral Calder, and after an indecisive battle was forced to put into Ferrol for repairs. Napoleon was waiting for the fleet to cover the landing in England, and was bitterly angry when he heard what had happened to it.

From Ferrol Villeneuve went to Cadiz, and soon Nelson lay outside that harbour waiting for the great battle which was to save our country—the Battle of Trafalgar.

It was fought on Sunday, October 21, 1805. Nelson had twenty-seven ships, the enemy thirty-three. The story of the famous fight is well known to every British boy and girl—Nelson's signal, his coolness and courage, the fatal shot in the back, and the hero's last words, "Thank God, I have done my duty." The

effect of the battle upon the course of events must be noted. It saved England from invasion. "Moreover, the spirits of the French seamen were so broken that they never dared again to put out to sea, save in small numbers for secret and hurried cruises."

Beaten at sea, Napoleon turned once again to his land campaigns, and also turned his face from England. The French soldiers encamped at Boulogne were suddenly marched eastward into Austria, which had now joined Russia against the French. Before the Allies could set out westward the Emperor of the French had appeared before the Austrian city of Ulm, which he forced to surrender.

The French army then occupied Vienna, and a few months later met the Austrians and Russians at Austerlitz. Napoleon was greatly outnumbered, and the enemy had the better of him in point of position. But by means of a pretended attack and skilful movements of his troops he was able to gain a complete victory.

It was Pitt, the great English Minister, who had planned the league of Austria and Russia against Napoleon. The news of Austerlitz broke his heart. "Roll up that map," he said, pointing to a map of Europe, when the news reached him; "it will not be needed these ten years." Exactly ten years later Napoleon had fallen, never to rise again.

After Austerlitz, Napoleon forced the Austrians to give up all claim upon Italy, and it was at this time that the Holy Roman Empire came to an end. He converted Holland into a monarchy, and gave the

crown to his brother Louis. Sixteen of the German States were banded together, and passed under his protection. A new German kingdom was set up and given to his brother Jerome. Prussia was humbled, and her independence was almost taken away. Then Napoleon was called in to settle a quarrel between the King of Spain and his son. He settled it by placing both in prison, and giving the Crown to his brother Joseph. But here he was checked by one of the greatest generals the world has ever seen—Arthur Wellesley, afterwards known as the Duke of Wellington.

The Spaniards themselves were not in the least inclined to submit to Napoleon, and the great conqueror was now to find out how difficult it was to enslave a proud nation. When he sent his men across the Pyrenees to subdue the Spaniards, the latter did not unite to form another large army to give them battle. But little bands of soldiers were always on the watch to shoot down any stragglers from the French armies, and in many ways these “guerilla” fighters annoyed the invaders.

Spain asked Britain for help, and at once an army was sent to Portugal under Sir Arthur Wellesley. This general, who had already fought bravely for his country in India, had no easy task before him. His men were by no means well disciplined, and he had at first to bring them into order. He sternly forbade plundering, and was very severe on this point. But in time the soldiers learnt that he would make no blunders, and that he took great care of them, stern

though he might be. And in time they were ready to "go anywhere and do anything" for him.

Having got ready the fighting machine, the general then began the difficult work of driving the French armies out of Spain. They were made up of some of Napoleon's best men, and were led by his cleverest generals. But the British leader never allowed any difficulties to dishearten him.

All one winter he kept his army behind some hills near Lisbon, which he had fortified so strongly that the French general who had followed him so far dared not try to attack him there. In the spring he came out from behind these defences, and drove the French out of Portugal.

Then the British soldiers stormed two strong fortresses which blocked the way into Spain, and were able to force their way to Madrid. And so, with many a brilliant but hardly-won victory, Wellington, after five years' fighting, drove the French back to the Pyrenees. Napoleon then sent one of his most famous generals to stop him from following the retreating armies into France.

For nine days there was desperate fighting among the snowy peaks and deep ravines of the great mountains, and then the French were driven back through the passes in wild confusion, and Wellington entered France. He had just won a battle outside Toulouse when the news came from Paris that Napoleon was no longer Emperor of the French.

The downfall of the great conqueror had begun a year and a half earlier, when Napoleon, having

quarrelled with the Tsar, invaded Russia with his *Grande Armée* of no less than 678,000 men, under the command of several of his famous generals, among them Ney, "the bravest of the brave." The Tsar could only raise an army of about half that number, and these were given the task of laying waste the country before the invader.

Napoleon marched on Moscow and entered the city, only to find it deserted by the inhabitants. Not long after his arrival a fire broke out in the city, which raged for six days, and left a large portion of the place a heap of ruins. It was thought that the Russians themselves had started the fire in order to deprive the invaders of the fruits of their victory.

Napoleon stayed for five weeks in Moscow, hoping to conclude a peace with the Tsar. But he did not succeed, and in the month of October he got ready to march back to France, taking with him much spoil from the fallen city. The men set out just as winter was beginning, and soon they began to suffer severely from the cold as well as from hunger, for the villages on their route had been all destroyed.

Bands of Cossacks rode behind them harrying the rear of the column, and cutting off the stragglers. The soldiers in great numbers dropped on the way, and died either of starvation and exhaustion or at the hands of the Cossacks. When the retreating army reached the banks of the Beresina there was a terrible struggle with a Russian army, which ended in a fearful loss of life—"one of the most terrible pictures in history."



THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

(From the painting by Leon. Neurdein, Photo.)

Between Vilna and Minsk Napoleon left his army, and made his way with a few attendants through the country of his friend, the King of Saxony, to Paris. The wreck of the *Grande Armée* struggled across the Niemen, and the survivors made their way in scattered groups back to France.

England, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Sweden were

now banded together to crush the fallen tyrant. At Leipsic the Allies met his hastily raised army, and after a three days' fight, known in history as the "Battle of the Nations," he was entirely defeated. In this great battle fought Blücher, the "Marshal Forwards" of the Prussian army, whom we shall meet again.

After Leipsic the Allies marched on Paris, while Wellington was on the way through France from the south. "Napoleon has visited every capital in Europe," Blücher is reported to have said on the march. "It is only fitting that we should return the compliment."

The French people, tired of Napoleon's wars, would no longer have him as their Emperor. They made a brother of Louis XVI. King. Napoleon was sent to the little island of Elba, off the coast of Italy, and was allowed to call himself Emperor of it, though he was really a prisoner. And it seemed as if at last Europe was to have the peace which was so sorely needed.

CHAPTER XLVII.—"THE HUNDRED DAYS."

NAPOLEON was only ten months in Elba. While the countries of Europe were busy reducing their armies and settling their boundaries, the news came that the "Emperor" of Elba had become once more the Emperor of the French. He had managed to escape, landed in France, and called his soldiers once again to his banner. Gladly they came at his call, while

the French people were so much disgusted with the rule of Louis XVIII. that not a shot was fired in defence of his right to the throne.

Napoleon tried to persuade his old enemies that he was tired of war, and would keep peace if they would let him alone. But Britain, Prussia, Austria, and Russia, knew better than to trust him, and at once prepared for war. A British army under Wellington, and a Prussian force under General Blücher, were ready first, and appeared in Belgium, and Napoleon dashed across the frontier to attack each before they could unite. He succeeded in his own brilliant way, falling first upon the Prussians and beating them ; then he and Wellington met, for the first and last time, on the field of Waterloo.

The famous battle was fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815. The two armies were about equal in numbers, but whereas Napoleon's troops were all Frenchmen and tried soldiers, only about a third of Wellington's men were British, and they were mostly young recruits who had never been in battle before. But Wellington was depending upon Blücher's help, for after his defeat the brave old Prussian had not retired, but pressed forward to join the British General, as he had promised.

The battle began a little before noonday, and raged till eight o'clock in the evening. Time after time the French charged up from the plain to the low ridge on which Wellington's foot-soldiers were posted, and time after time the British and their Allies drove them down again. In vain Napoleon's splendid cavalry tried to

break the little red squares in which Wellington had arranged his brave country lads. But as the afternoon wore on, and the squares, though still unbroken, became smaller and smaller, Wellington began to grow terribly anxious.

He could not hold out much longer. Would Blücher come in time? Then at last the Prussians were seen advancing. Napoleon made one more great effort. His very best soldiers, the Old Guard, advanced to the crest of the ridge. It was in vain; they could not stand the deadly fire of the British Guards. They fell back. Wellington ordered his whole line to advance, and in a few minutes the French army was in flight, with the Prussians in full pursuit.

It was a "famous victory," but bought at a terrible cost of killed and wounded. When the Duke was awakened early next morning to hear the long list of the slain amongst his officers, the tears ran down his face, still black with the powder and dust of the battle.

Napoleon had been beaten before, and had turned defeat into victory. But after Waterloo his old spirit was almost gone. His brother urged him once more to "dare," but he replied sadly, "I have dared too much already." Shortly after reaching Paris he abdicated. "I offer myself," he declared, "a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. My public life is finished, and I proclaim my son Emperor of the French."

Not long afterwards he made his way to the coast, hoping to get away to America. But the British cruisers were too watchful, and at last the man who



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

had planned the invasion of this country made up his mind to throw himself upon the mercy of the greatest of his enemies. He wrote to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.: "A prey to the factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the greatest Powers of Europe, I have finished my public career, and I come to seat myself at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of its laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

He then gave himself up to the captain of a British man-of-war at Rochefort. But he did not come to seat himself at the "hearth of the British people." He was sent to the lonely island of St. Helena, far out in mid-Atlantic. Here the fallen Emperor spent the last six years of his life, in the company of a few faithful friends who gladly shared his exile.

He died on the evening of May 5, 1821. "A great storm was raging outside, which shook the frail huts of the soldiers as with an earthquake, tore up the trees which the Emperor had planted, and uprooted the willow under which he was accustomed to repose. Within, the faithful Marchand was covering the body with the cloak which the young Emperor had worn at Marengo."

The period from the escape of Napoleon from Elba to his defeat at Waterloo is known in history as "the Hundred Days."

CHAPTER XLVIII.—EUROPE AFTER WATERLOO.

THE great war with France of which we have just read was a life and death struggle for our country, but she came out of it stronger than ever. She had lost many of her brave sons, it is true, and spent enormous sums of money, but she won during this long and bitter contest her place as mistress of the seas.

Her navy had beaten those of France, Spain, and Holland, and she had now in her hands nearly the whole of the carrying trade of the world. This brought her great wealth and power, and also made it possible for her to develop the world-wide Empire of which she is now the head.

Part of this Empire came to her when the settlement was made after the defeat of Napoleon. She had, during the war, owing to her great power upon the sea, captured most of the colonies belonging to her foes. At the peace of 1815 she gave most of these back, but she kept others which are now important parts of the British Empire.

One of these was the island of Malta, which was strongly fortified, and became later an important station on the route to India. The Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope now also passed finally into our hands. We gained, besides, some of the West Indian islands which had belonged to the French, as well as Ceylon and British Guiana, which had been in the hands of the Dutch.

For the next seventy or eighty years we shall find

that the chief work done by Britain was to extend and set in order her colonial Empire, using her power on the sea to help her in doing the work. During this time she had not a great deal to do with the other countries of Europe. But what goes on in Europe is always a matter of deep concern to us, and we must now note carefully a few great events which during the reign of our Queen Victoria changed the face of the map of the Continent.

After Waterloo, France stood where she did when the French Revolution began, so far as her boundaries were concerned. Russia took part of Poland. Austria had the States of Northern Italy, known as Lombardy and Venetia. Prussia extended her boundaries by taking in certain other German States, and was now the leading Power among the North Germans.

So we can see the German people of the North beginning to rally round Prussia, while those of the South owed allegiance to the Austrian ruler of Vienna. But Northern Italy was still yoked with Austria. Central and Southern Italy were under other rulers, who were, however, much influenced by Austria.

Now look at the map of Europe as it stands to-day. There you will see a Germany, an Austria, and an Italy, each under one monarch, and each free and independent. We have now to find out how these three European countries became separated from each other, and the peace made after Waterloo is a good starting-point.

Meanwhile, we must not forget, our own country was an interested spectator in what was going on in Europe.

But she was chiefly concerned in setting her imperial house in order. For forty years after Waterloo she did not fire a shot on the Continent, and she kept apart, on the whole, from the wars which were to fix the boundaries of the States of Europe as we know them to-day.

In the year of Waterloo the numerous States of Germany were joined together to form what was called the German Confederation. It was a loose kind of union, and of course was not under one ruler as its head. The Emperor Francis of Austria was a member, so was the King of England, because he was also the head of the German State of Hanover. The King of Prussia was a member too.

This union lasted for about fifty years, but as time went on it was seen very clearly that the States of North Germany formed a group which was not in very close sympathy with Austria. Of this group Prussia was, of course, the head, and in time it was proposed that a new union should be formed, which was not to include Austria. This led in 1866 to war between Austria and Prussia.

During this war there came to the front a Prussian statesman named Otto von Bismarck, who was the chief Minister of the King. Another leading figure of the struggle was Frederick, the Crown Prince of Prussia, who married the eldest daughter of our Queen Victoria. The war ended in victory for Prussia, and now Austria was outside of the union of German States. So we take one further step towards the formation of the Germany of to-day.

CHAPTER XLIX.—THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

WHILE Germany was winning its way to unity under the leadership of Prussia, France had been passing through many changes. After the downfall of Napoleon this country had a King and a Parliament somewhat like our own. When this monarch died he was followed by Charles X., who believed in the "Divine right" of Kings, and in a very short time was made to understand that he was not wanted on the throne of France. So in the last year of the reign of our George IV. he gave up his crown and crossed over to England as a refugee.

He was followed by Louis Philippe, the Duke of Orleans, who called himself "King of the French," and tried to rule as a "citizen King." But he was not successful, gradually lost the favour of the people, gave up his crown, and in 1848 fled also to England.

The next French ruler was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of the exile of St. Helena, who became President of the French Republic. He set himself to gain the favour of the army, and when he had done so he sent away the members of Parliament to their homes, put in prison those whom he knew were his enemies, and made himself Emperor, with the title of Napoleon III.

It was during his time that our country fought side by side with France against Russia in the Crimean War. The conflict came about chiefly because of Russia's desire to gain Constantinople, which would have made her mistress of the eastern end of the

Mediterranean. The fighting was almost entirely carried on in the peninsula of the Crimea in the South of Russia, and the chief desire of the Allies was to get possession of the strong Russian fortress of Sebastopol.

The siege of this place lasted for eleven months, during a very severe winter, when our troops suffered great hardships. It ended at last in a withdrawal of the Russians when they saw that they could not hold out much longer. They destroyed their ships in the harbour, and set fire to the town before leaving it. "Sebastopol had fallen, but not into the hands of the Allies. It had been erased from the face of the earth." When spring came peace was made, and Russia's power in South-Eastern Europe was checked for a time.

This war takes a prominent place in our own history. But it was comparatively unimportant beside another which broke out a few years later. This was the Franco-German War.

What was it which brought about this great struggle between France and Germany? There was a dispute between the two countries as to who should succeed to the throne of Spain, but into this question we need not enter. France was really jealous of the growing power of the German States with Prussia at their head, and provoked the quarrel.

Prussia and the rest of the German States were quite ready, and the call to arms against a common enemy united them more closely than they had ever been. "On to Berlin!" was the cry of the people of Paris when the war broke out, but before many months had passed the Germans were at their gates.

The invading army was led by William of Prussia ; his son, the Crown Prince Frederick, who married the daughter of Queen Victoria ; and Moltke, one of the greatest generals of his time. With them went on that momentous Western journey Bismarck, the "man of blood and iron," who had taken care that France should have no ally to come to her help when the conflict came.

The Emperor Napoleon moved towards Metz with the intention of crossing the Rhine into Germany. But his generals found the opposite bank of the river strongly guarded, and before long the Germans were upon French soil. Several engagements took place, to the advantage of the invaders, and on September 1 the French forces were completely defeated at Sedan.

The next day Napoleon wrote to King William, offering to surrender. "Not being able to die at the head of my troops," the letter ran, "I can only resign my sword into the hands of your Majesty."

The news reached Paris, and two days after the surrender at Sedan France was once more a republic. The Emperor had been deposed, and his wife, the beautiful Empress Eugenie, was an exile in England. The government passed into the hands of a small committee, which at once took active steps for the defence of Paris against the advancing Germans.

The city was invested about the middle of September, and held out till January 1 in the following year. During the siege the people of the great city suffered severely from hunger and the cold of winter. Several



GAMBETTA ESCAPES IN A BALLOON
FROM THE BESIEGED CITY OF
PARIS.

attempts were made to raise the siege, but they were not successful. Gambetta, one of the leading men, escaped from the city in a balloon, and reached Tours, where he acted in the name of the Government, and tried to get together a force for the relief of the capital. But the Germans were carrying on the campaign with great energy, and had by this time overrun the greater part of France. On January 28, 1871, the forts around Paris were given up, and before long the Germans were within the city.

Meanwhile one of the greatest events in the history of Europe had taken place in the Palace of Versailles. The great success of the German armies had united the various States more closely than ever. It was

determined to ask William of Prussia to become the head of a new German Empire. This was done.

"On January 18, 1871—the birthday of an empire—in the grand hall of the palace at Versailles, where Richelieu and Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. had plotted their invasions of Germany, the King took the title of Emperor, and the German States were at last united as one compact, indivisible nation."

Henceforth, as in the olden days, the ruler of Germany was to be an Emperor, but the name was no longer to imply any claim to lordship of the world. It had lost its first meaning many years before, as we have seen, and from this time the German Emperor meant the leader among the Princes of the German States.

The war with France was soon ended, and a treaty of peace was signed. France gave up a large part of Lorraine and Alsace, as well as the city of Metz, and agreed to pay a very large sum as war damages. The German armies then went home again. For a time there was civil disorder in France, and Paris had to undergo a second siege, this time by Frenchmen. But order was at last restored, and France became a republic.

CHAPTER L.—THE HEROES OF MODERN ITALY.

We have seen how Austria became separated from the other States of Germany, and we have watched those German States rallying round Prussia to form a new European nation. We have now to see how Italy was

separated from Austria, and became at last an independent kingdom.

For a long time the power of Austria had been very great in Italy. It went down before Napoleon, who at one time in his marvellous career crowned his son as King of Rome. But when the great Emperor of the French had fallen Austria became once again the chief power in Italy.

The northern States of Venetia and Lombardy were in her hands, and other parts of Italy were given to Princes of the Austrian royal house. In the middle of Italy there were certain "Papal" States which were ruled by the Pope, and these, too, were under the influence of Austria. In the south was the kingdom of Naples, which Austria had more or less under her control.

Italy was divided on the map, but she had made up her mind to be free and united under one King. There was among the people themselves, who after all make up the nation, a great longing for independence. The yoke of Austria was bitterly hated, and the various Princes of Italy ruled in a manner well calculated to rouse the anger of their subjects. In several parts of the country there were risings of the people, but these were put down with the help of Austrian troops.

We see, then, that an Italian revolution was beginning, but not quite of the same kind as that in France. The leaders of the movement were not agreed as to what was the best thing to do. Some of them wished to fight for a republic, with a President at its head. A second party wanted all the Italian States

to join together and choose the Pope as their ruler. A third section wished for a single monarchy, under a King, and a Parliament like that of our own country. The King they had in their minds was the ruler of the kingdom of Sardinia, which took in not only the island of that name, but part of the mainland as well.

One of those who wished for a republic was Joseph Mazzini, a native of Genoa. He took part in some of the risings of which we have already spoken, and had to fly from Italy. He went to Marseilles, where he did his best to keep up the spirits of the "Young Italy" party, which aimed at setting up a republic. But in time he began to think that the surest hope for Italy lay in all parties rallying round the King of Sardinia.

So he wrote a long letter to that monarch, in which he said : "All Italy waits for one word—one only—to make herself yours. Proffer this word to her. Place yourself at the head of the nation, and write on your banner, *Union, Liberty, Independence*. Sire, on this condition we will bind ourselves round you ; we proffer you our lives ; we will lead to your banner the little States of Italy. Unite us, sire, and we shall conquer."

Charles Albert, the King of Sardinia, had little sympathy with Mazzini, whom he looked upon as a dangerous republican, little better than the men who had brought about the French Revolution. But he did strike a blow to free Italy from Austria.

This was in the year 1848, when the Austrians were busy putting down a rising of the people of Hungary.



GARIBALDI.

(From the painting by Rucci. Alinari, Photo.)

Charles Albert attacked the Italian possessions of Austria, but was finally beaten back again. The Austrians invaded his province of Piedmont, and the King resigned his crown to his son, Victor Emmanuel, who made the best terms he could with the conquerors.

This new King of Sardinia became the leader of the movement which had for its object the formation of a united kingdom of Italy. In the great work to which he set his hand he had the help of two other champions, the statesman, Count Cavour, and the soldier, Garibaldi.

Victor Emmanuel began his work by taking steps to put his own kingdom in order. He set up a Parliament. He did what he could to encourage trade and commerce. Education was also improved. The people of the States saw in his kingdom a forecast of what the whole of Italy might be if she were free from Austria, and united under one King.

In nearly all that he did the King made England his model. He sent Count Cavour to London, where he spent many hours in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, listening to the debates and watching the business of law-making in the "Mother of Parliaments." When the Count got back to Italy he was made chief Minister of his King, and he set to work to raise the little kingdom of Sardinia to a high place among the nations of Europe. We cannot enter here into all the details of his work, but we may note that when Italy did at last become free and united a historian wrote : "Italy as a nation is the legacy, the life-work of Cavour."

Garibaldi, the soldier, lived a life of adventure and danger in many lands ; but throughout the whole of his career he had one object in view—the freedom and unity of Italy. He was a native of Nice, and passed the early years of his life as a sailor. When he grew up he took part in some of the risings in Italy, and was condemned to die, but managed to make his escape.

He was for a time a teacher of Italian in Constantinople. Then he went to South America, where he formed a regiment of exiles known as the Italian Legion, at the head of which he saw some fighting in that distant land. Returning to Italy in the "year of revolutions," he took part in a movement which for a time converted Rome in to a republic. But he was driven out of the city, and went to New York, where he made his living for some years as a candle-maker.

He came back about ten years later to take a leading part in the last great struggle. Sardinia went to war with Austria, and gained a large part of Lombardy. Other Italian States joined her when they saw how successful she had been. In the next year Garibaldi led an army of volunteers into Sicily, took possession of the island, crossed to Naples, and entered that city in triumph.

Marching northward, he met Victor Emmanuel, whom he hailed as King of Italy. A Parliament met at Turin, at which the King took this title. But the work was not yet done. Venetia, in the north-east, and the States around Rome ruled by the Pope still lay outside the new kingdom.

In 1866 Prussia went to war with Austria. The

new King of Italy became the ally of the King of Prussia. At the end of a seven weeks' war he found himself in possession of Venetia. All that remained was to unite the Papal States to the new kingdom, and make Rome its capital.

The Pope, however, was helped by France, and though Garibaldi twice tried to capture Rome, he was not able to do so. Then came the Franco-German War of 1870. The French troops were recalled from Rome. An Italian army entered the city, and the people by a vote chose Victor Emmanuel for their King. Thus Italy became united, after long ages of division and strife, under one monarch, with his capital in the city of the Cæsars.

At the beginning of this book we saw that Rome was the centre of a world empire which was ruled by the Romans. At that time most thinking men had the following fixed opinions : “First, that it was a matter of right that there should be a universal monarch of the world ; second, that the universal monarchy belonged, no less of eternal right, to the Roman Emperor, the successor of Augustus.”

At the end of our story we see Rome the capital of a single kingdom, that of Italy ; while the rest of Europe is divided among various nations, each with its own well-defined boundaries, its own ruler, and its own capital. The old idea of world-dominion, so far as the whole of Europe was concerned, was dead. The idea of nationality had taken its place.

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